



No. 51

WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING
COMIC MAGAZINE!

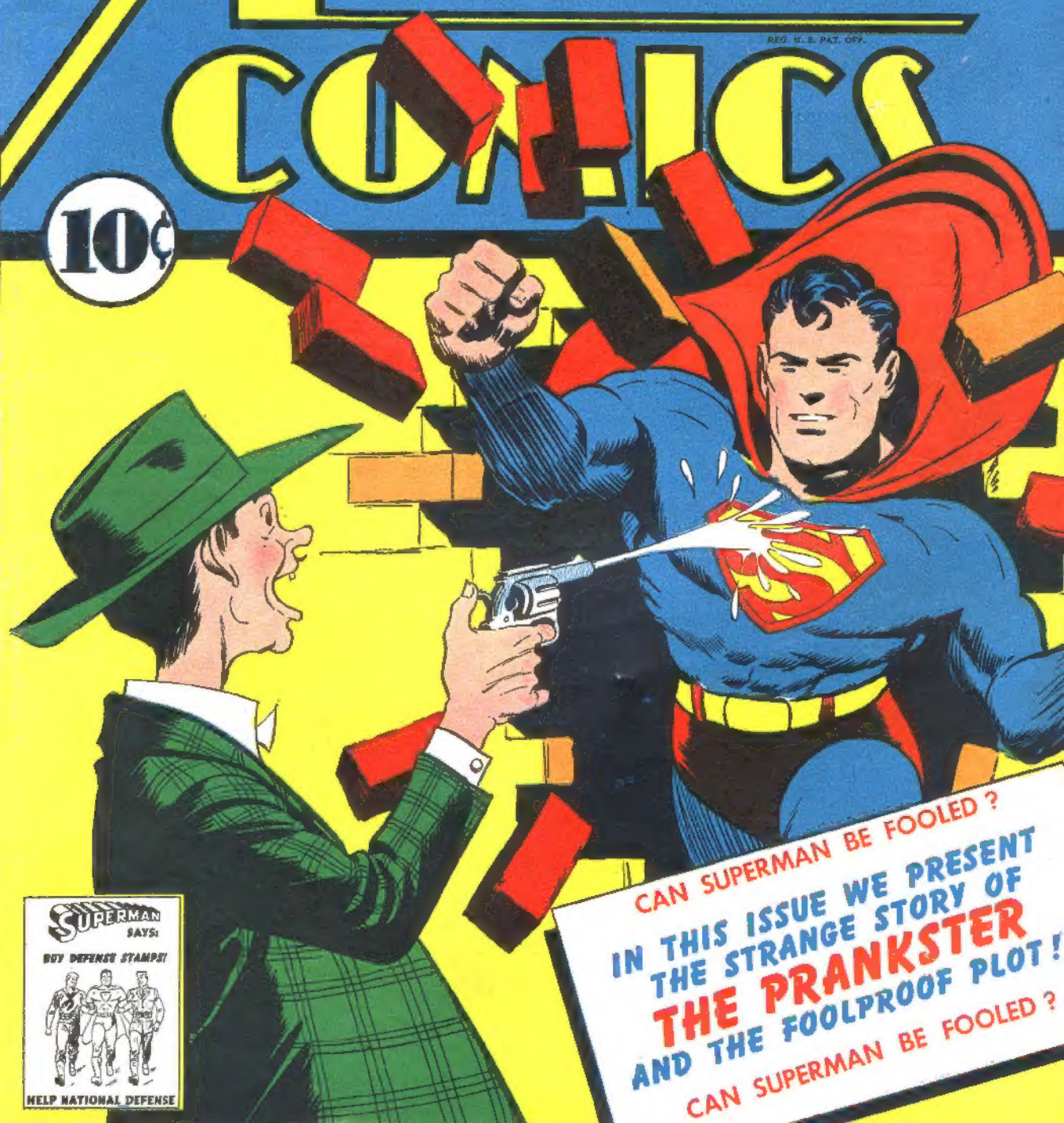


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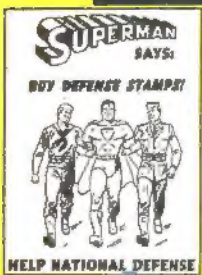
ACTION COMICS

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

10¢



CAN SUPERMAN BE FOOLED?
IN THIS ISSUE WE PRESENT
THE STRANGE STORY OF
THE PRANKSTER
AND THE FOOLPROOF PLOT!
CAN SUPERMAN BE FOOLED?





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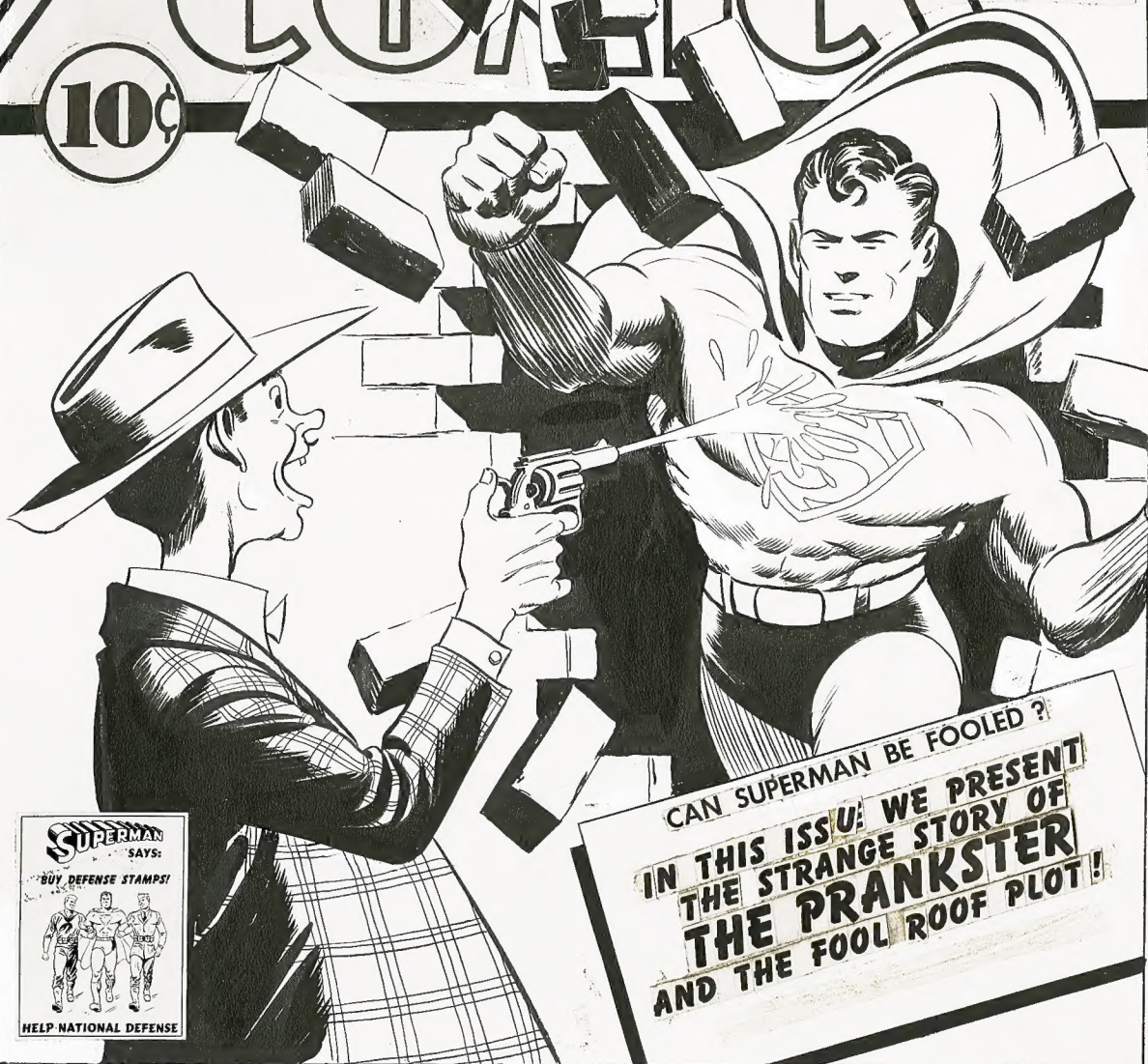
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GOOD BOOKS WORTH READING

reviewed by JOSETTE FRANK, staff advisor

Child Study Association of America



LITTLE OSCAR'S FIRST RAID

By Lydia Mead

With drawings by Oscar Fabres.

It's hard to believe that anything about air raids can be funny—but this book is.

To begin with, it has very amusing pictures on every page, pictures of funny-looking little Oscar, and other people, doing all sorts of things.

It is surprising how much you can learn in this amusing book about what not to do and what to do and how to do it if an air-raid comes; how to handle incendiary bombs; how to help your air-raid warden; how to take care of your pets in a blackout; how to get yourself rescued if you are trapped in a hit building.

The print is large and clear and there isn't much of it on each page, but what there is tells you all you need to know and the pictures tell the rest.

You can get this book at your library or, better still, buy it from your local office of Civilian Defense. Its price is very low.

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Jupiter No. 4)

CSYV JMVWX PMRI SJ HIJRWI MW XL
PMRI EX XLI AMRHS A WIPPMRK WXEQT
ERH FSRHW!

SUPERMAN

by JERRY SIEGEL
AND
JOE SHUSTER

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

MEETING VILLAINS IS PART OF SUPERMAN'S DAILY ROUTINE... BUT NEVER HAS HE ENCOUNTERED AN OPPONENT AS UNUSUAL AS THAT CHERUBIC, CLOWNING COMEDY KING OF CRIME... THE PRANKSTER! JOIN THE MAN OF STEEL IN COMBATTING THIS MASTERMIND OF MALIGNANT MIRTH IN A TALE AS BAFFLING AS YOUR FIRST JIG-SAW PUZZLE... "THE CASE OF THE CRIMELESS CRIMES"!

ACCOMPANYING LOIS LANE TO A BOWLING ALLEY, CLARK KENT SIGHTS ARMED THUGS ROBBING THE ALLEY'S MANAGER...

OOPS!
IT
SLIPPED!
("THAT
OUGHT TO
STOP
THEM!")

HEY!

OUCH!

HELP!
THEY'RE
ROBBING
ME!



HE DID IT!
I SAW HIM!

SMART GUY, HUH?

EEE-EEEE!

NO!
DON'T HURT CLARK!

AS THE DAILY PLANET REPORTER HURTTLES DOWN TOWARD EARTH, HE AGILELY WHIPS INTO THE SUPERMAN ACTION-COSTUME...

I KNOW SEVERAL SO-CALLED "TOUGH GUYs" WHO ARE LOOKING FOR TROUBLE! AND BELIEVE ME, THEY'RE GOING TO GET IT!

THE HOODLUMS RACE OUT OF THE BOWLING ALLEY ESTABLISHMENT, PILE INTO THEIR CAR AND ROAR AWAY...

A CLEAN GETAWAY!

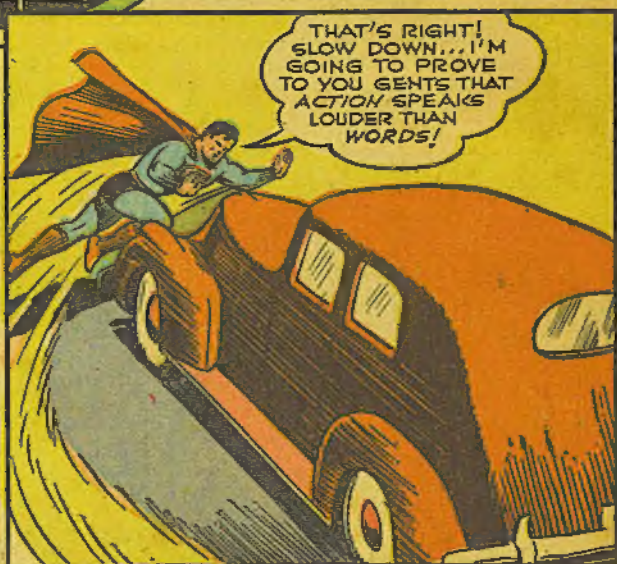
JUST A BUNCH OF OPTIMISTS!



HOLY HAT! DON'T LOOK NOW--BUT WE'RE BEIN' FOLLOWED

SUPERMAN!!

SO WHAT? THE PRANKSTER THINKS OF EVERYTHING--EVEN TIPPED US OFF ABOUT WHAT TO DO IF THE MAN OF STEEL TANGLED WITH US!



THAT'S RIGHT! SLOW DOWN...I'M GOING TO PROVE TO YOU GENTS THAT ACTION SPEAKS LOUDER THAN WORDS!



WELL!! THEY'VE DISAPPEARED INTO THIN AIR! BUT HOW--???

SPEEDING BACK TO THE BOWLING ALLEY BUILDING, SUPERMAN RESUMES HIS IDENTITY AS CLARK KENT...

LOIS COMING! HERE'S WHERE I MAKE THE WORLD'S QUICK-CHANGE RECORD LOOK INSIGNIFICANT!



MEANWHILE--IN THE REAR OF THE "ABANDONED" CAR, THE FLOORBOARD RIDGES...THE MISSING THUGS REAPPEAR IN RAPID SUCCESSION...

HO! HO!

LEAVE IT TO THE PRANKSTER TO THINK UP SUCH A TRICKY MEANS OF ESCAPE...

TRICKY, YES, AND IT WORKS!





YOU'RE SAFE! THANKS HEAVENS YOU SUFFERED NO BROKEN BONES!

IT'S A MIRACLE-- I ESCAPED WITHOUT A SCRATCH!



BAH! YOU MAKE ME SICK-- LETTING THOSE THUGS PUSH YOU AROUND. NOW, IF THEY HAD TRIED THAT ON SUPERMAN...

BUT I'M NOT SUPERMAN...



WHEN THE HOODLUMS REACH THEIR HEAD-QUARTERS...

WE CLASHED WITH SUPERMAN-- NARROWLY ESCAPED... OUCH

HERE'S THE LOOT. ISN'T IT ABOUT TIME WE SPLIT SOME OF TH' DOUGH FROM OUR JOBS? ALL MY SOCKS HAS GOT HOLES IN 'EM!

YOU DID? MY, MY! TCH! I MUST REMEMBER TO MAKE A NOTE OF IT!



OH, DEAR ME... NO! DON'T YOU RECALL? EVERY CENT WE GARNER IS TO GO INTO THE "NEST EGG" UNTIL WE HAVE FUNDS THAT ARE AMPLE ENOUGH FOR "THE BIG JOB". BY JOVE, YOUR MEMORY IS SLIPPING, WHAT?

THERE'S ALREADY \$200,851.25 IN THAT BLASTED "NEST EGG" O' YOURS! I WANT MY SPLIT-- NOW, ...!

HEE! HEE! --- I BELIEVE YOU ACTUALLY MEAN IT! DON'T YOU KNOW, MY GOOD MAN, THAT NO ONE TELLS ME WHAT TO DO? YOU'LL HAVE TO KILL ME FIRST TO GET MY MONEY... WAIT-- I HAVE IT! AN INSPIRATION!

ONLY ONE OF THESE TWO GUNS CONTAINS A BULLET. TAKE YOUR CHOICE, WE'LL FIRE AT EACH OTHER. ONE LIVES-- THE OTHER DIES! SIMPLE, WHAT?

OKAY, I'M GAME.



BUT THE INSTANT THE CRIMINAL TOUCHES THE BOX, POWERFUL CLAMPS SNAP UPON HIS WRIST FROM CONCEALMENT WITHIN THE TRICK-MECHANISM...

OUCH! OUCH! FREE ME!!

I'LL FREE YOU, OLD TOP... FROM THIS MORTAL COIL!



HE-- HE'S DEAD!

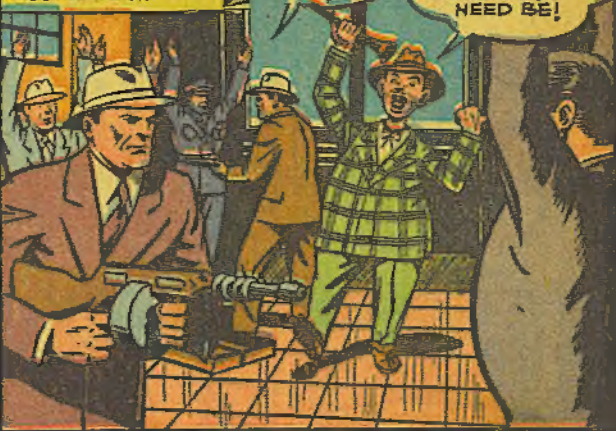
TH-THAT'S WHAT HE GETS FOR CROSSIN' TH' BOSS!

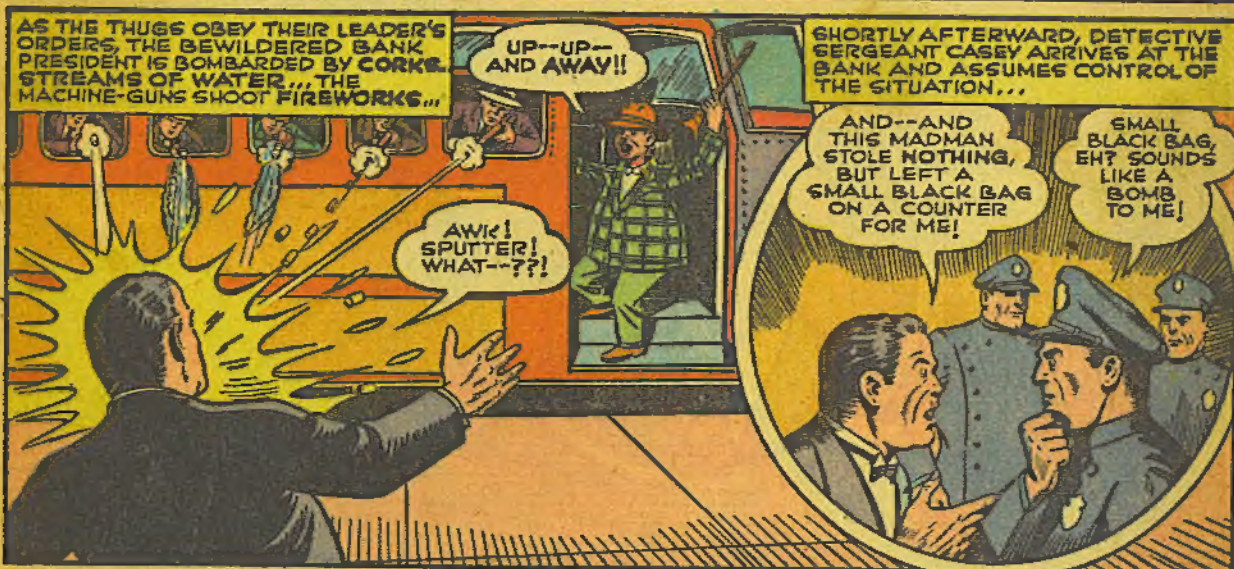
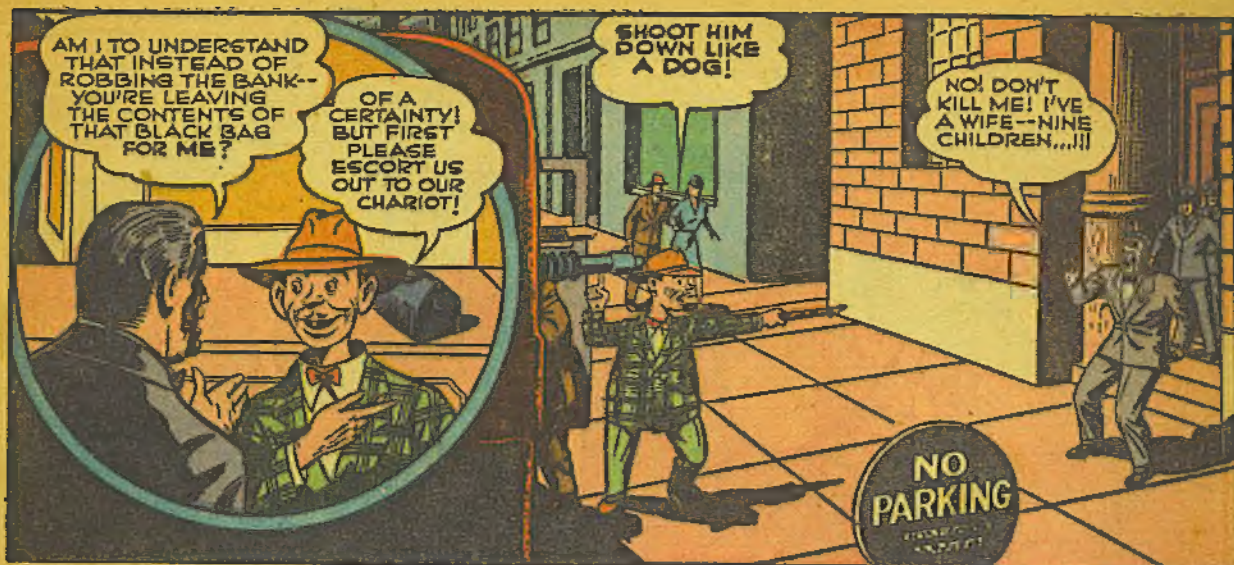
\$200,851.25! HM-MM! PERHAPS THE "NEST EGG" IS BIG ENOUGH, AT THAT! GENTLEMEN... TOMORROW MORNING WE PULL "THE BIG JOB"!!

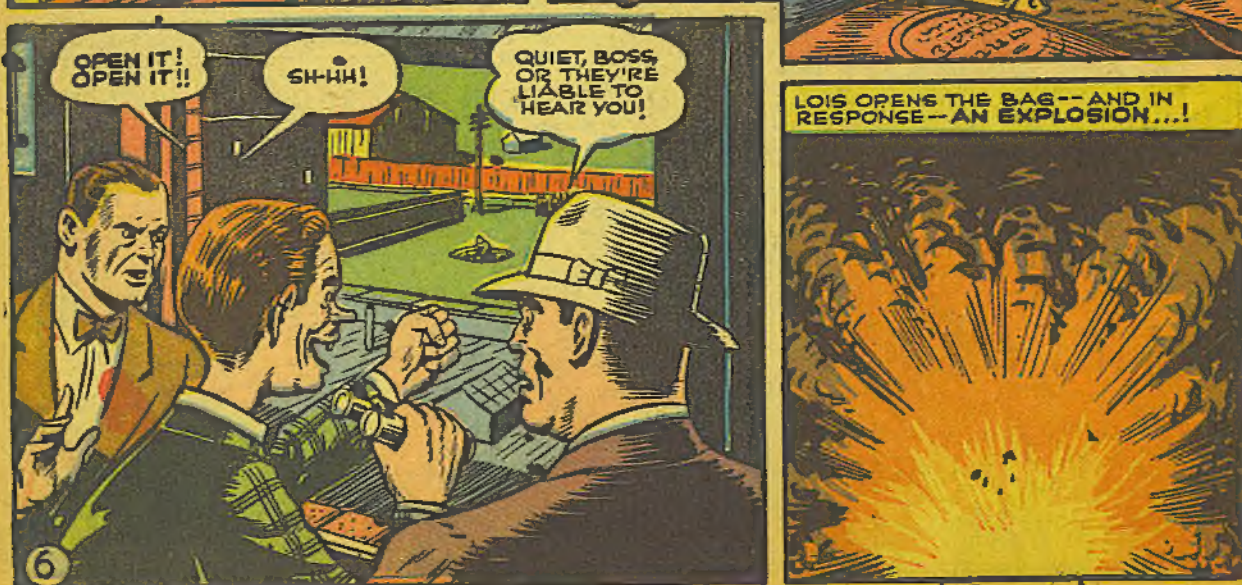
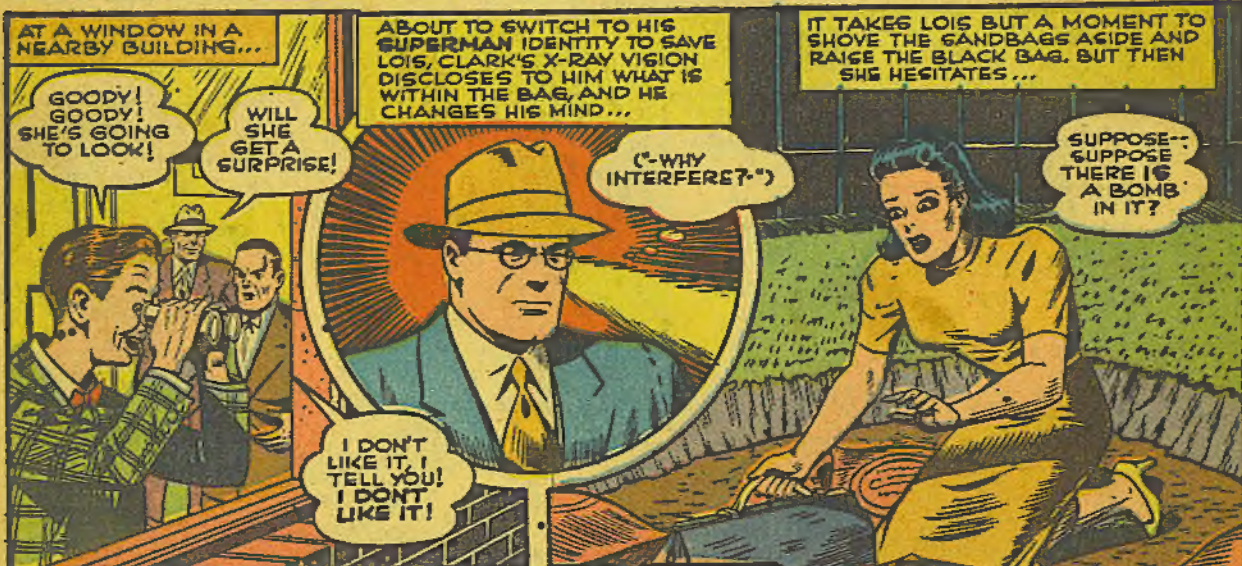
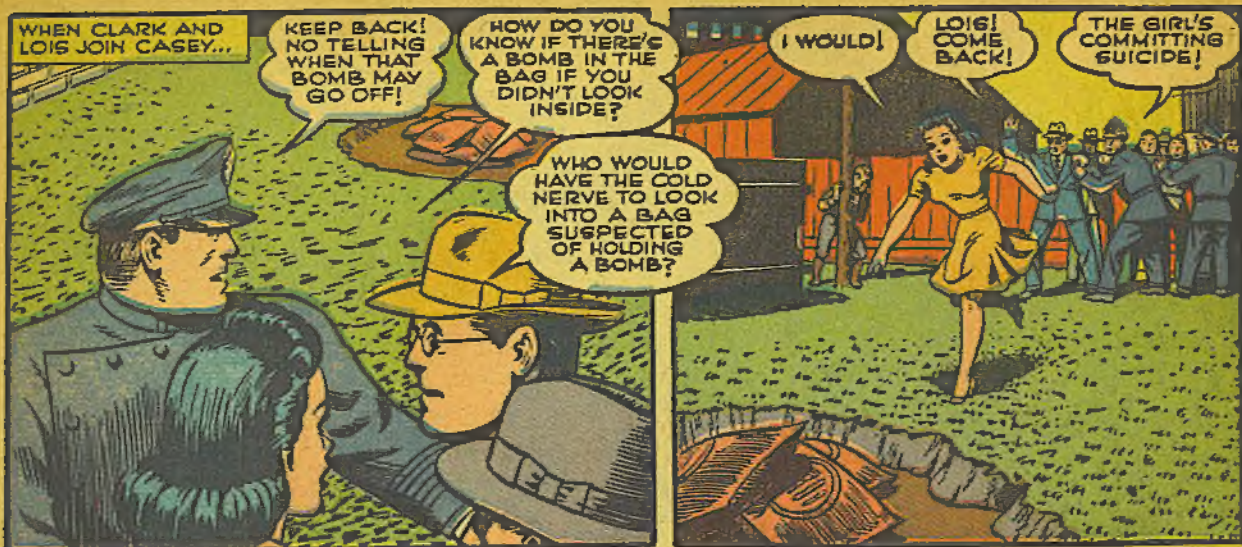
NEXT MORNING...A BUS DRAWS UP BEFORE THE CENTRAL CITY BANK, AND "MUSICIANS" EMERGE...

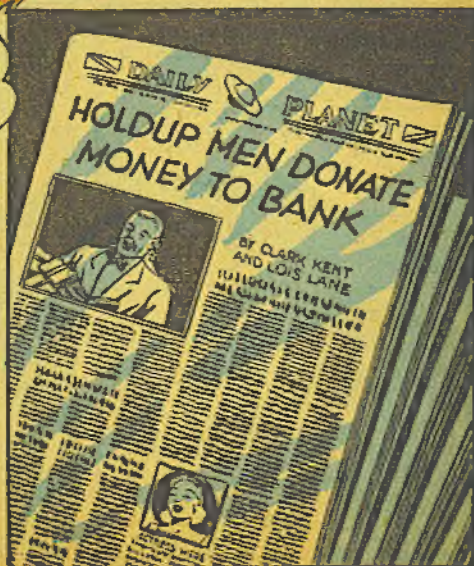


ONCE INSIDE THE BANK, WEAPONS EMERGE FROM WITHIN THE CASES OF THE MOBSTER MUSICIANS...









NEWSREELS FEATURE THE AMAZING INCIDENT....

AND WILL YOU KEEP THE FIFTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS, SIR?

CERTAINLY! WHY NOT? IT WAS GIVEN TO ME, WASN'T IT?

...TO THE PRANKSTER'S THUGS' MISERY!

AND TO THINK I WENT TO THE MOVIES TO HAVE A GOOD TIME!

HALF TH' TIME I DON'T KNOW WHETHER WE'RE WORKIN' FOR A MADMAN OR A GENIUS!

THAT CERTAINLY WAS THE MOST BIZARRE CRIME I EVER ENCOUNTERED!

I WONDER IF THEY'LL STRIKE AGAIN?

THAT VERY MOMENT--- IN THE PRANKSTER'S HIDEAWAY...

DO WE HAFTA WEAR THESE WHITE JACKETS?

I FEEL CONSPICUOUS!

COME, LADS! A LITTLE MORE SPEED! FORWARD-- MARCH!!

LATER---A MUFFLED FIGURE IS WHEELED INTO THE CHANNEL BANK BY WHITE-COATED ATTENDANTS...

HE'S SICK, EH?

AYE AND VERILY!

HE MEANS, "YES!"

BUT ONCE THEY ARE INSIDE THE BANK, THE PRANKSTER THROWS OFF THE ROBES AND ASSUMES COMMAND OF THE SITUATION...

COVER THEM, BOYS! IT'S RATHER CHILLY IN HERE!

NOT A FALSE MOVE OUTA ANYBODY!

WHERE'S TH' PRESIDENT O' THIS JOINT?

POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

WE JUST GOT A FLASH FROM THE CHANNEL BANK THAT THE PRANKSTER'S MOB HAS STRUCK AGAIN!

HURRY IF YOU WANT TO GO ALONG!

NOT I! I VALUE MY SKIN!

IN THE REAR OF THE POLICE STATION, CLARK WHIPS INTO HIS SUPERMAN COSTUME...

I WANT TO GET THERE IN A HURRY!

THE BANK PRESIDENT IS FORCED TO OPEN HIS OFFICE SAFE...

YOU MEAN—YOU ONLY CAME HERE TO LEAVE THAT PACKAGE FOR ME?

THAT, TO BE PRECISE, WAS THE ESSENCE OF THE CALL. TROT ALONG, BOYS! ANOTHER DAY'S DAFFY DEED IS DONE!

WELL, LOOK WHO'S COME TO PAY US HIS RESPECTS! LOOK YOUR BEST, LADS!

IT'S—IT'S SUPERMAN!

YOU LOOK TIRED, GENTLEMEN!

UHP!

HAVE A CHAIR!

OUCH!! WOT'LL WE DO, BOSS?

IT'S MY PERSONAL UNQUALIFIED OPINION THAT THE DOING IS UP TO SUPERMAN!

SUPERMAN BINDS THE PRANKSTER AND HIS MEN WITH A DRAPE-CORD IN THE TWINKLING OF AN EYELASH...

YOU CAPTURED THEM SINGLE-HANDED!

AND NOW THEY'RE ALL YOURS!

REVERTING TO CLARK KENT, THE MAN OF TOMORROW RETURNS TO THE BANK AS SERGEANT CASEY AND LOIS REACH IT...

THEY WERE CAPTURED BY SUPERMAN!

WOTTA SWELL BREAK!

I THOUGHT YOU WERE AFRAID TO COME!

A GENT CAN CHANGE HIS MIND, CAN'T HE?

JUMPING JUPITER! THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS!

WHAT'S THE IDEA?

IDEA? YOU MEAN ABOUT THE THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS? OH, YES—I GAVE IT TO HIM!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TRICKERY YOU'RE UP TO, BUT I'M GOING TO ARREST YOU FOR ROBBERY AND POSSESSION OF DEADLY WEAPONS!

ROBBERY? WE DIDN'T STEAL ANYTHING! AND AS FOR YOUR "DEADLY WEAPON" CHARGE...

I'LL DEMONSTRATE HOW DEADLY THE WEAPON IS—ON YOU!

YOU KILLER!

"IF I GAVE CASEY'S LIFE, IT WILL BE AT THE COST OF REVEALING MY SUPERMAN IDENTITY!"

BUT AS THE PRANKSTER PRESSES THE TRIGGER, A TOY PARACHUTE HURTLES FORTH FROM THE MUZZLE, THEN FLOATS GAILY DOWN...

PRETTY, ISN'T IT? BUT HARDLY DEADLY!

YOU INFERNAL FOOL! I'LL JAIL YOU IF IT'S ONLY ON A NUISANCE CHARGE!!

LATER

WHY DID YOU FORCIBLY ENTER THOSE BANKS AND LEAVE MONEY THERE?

JUST A CHILDISH WHIM, JUDGE, PLAYING COPS AND ROBBERS HAS ALWAYS INTRIGUED ME. I'M A WEALTHY MAN, AND IF I DESIRE TO GIVE MONEY AWAY TO BANKS, WHO IS THERE TO SAY NAY?

SURELY YOU TWO GENTLEMEN REALIZE I WAS PROMPTED ONLY BY A SPIRIT OF GOOD CLEAN FUN. MY GIFTS, AGGREGATING \$45,000.00, SHOULD CONVINCE YOU I HAD NO EVIL INTENTIONS. BUT, OF COURSE, IF YOU BELIEVE OTHERWISE, I'LL HAVE TO ASK FOR MY MONEY BACK.

WE CAN KEEP THE MONEY, EH?-- HEH! HEH! OF COURSE, I HAVE NO INTENTION OF PRESSING ANY CHARGE!

NOR I! NEVER LET IT BE SAID I CAN'T TAKE A JOKE! (ESPECIALLY SUCH A PROFITABLE ONE!--)

AND I'M HERE TO SAY THAT THESE TWO BANK PRESIDENTS WILL PRESS NUISANCE CHARGES AGAINST YOU!

WORD OF THE PRANKSTER'S CAPTIVITY HAS SPREAD LIKE WILDFIRE. AS THE MIRTHFUL MALCREANT DEPARTS FROM THE CITY JAIL, HE TOSSES BILLS TO THE WINDS...

HERE'S FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS--BUY YOURSELVES SOME LOLLYPOPS!

COUCH! THAT LEAVES ONLY \$150,851.25 IN THE NEXT EGGS!

LET'S GO BACK TO THE PLANET! THIS IS TOO MUCH FOR ME!

BUT THEY RECEIVE AN EVEN GREATER SHOCK WHEN THEY REACH THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE...

CAN YOU BEAT THE NERVE OF THAT GUY? HE SENT ENGRAVED INVITATIONS TO EVERY NEWSPAPER IN TOWN FOR PUBLICATION!

WHAT IS IT, CLARK?

THE PRANKSTER TAKES PLEASURE IN ANNOUNCING THAT HE AND HIS MEN ARE GOING TO VISIT THE SECOND FEDERAL BANK THIS AFTERNOON AT FIVE O'CLOCK SHARP! THE PUBLIC IS URGED TO ATTEND! FREE REFRESHMENTS WILL BE SERVED!!

SHARPLY AT FIVE THAT AFTERNOON, THE PRANKSTER AND HIS MEN TRIUMPHANTLY DRIVE UP TO THE SECOND FEDERAL BANK THRU A CROWD OF LAUGHING, CHEERING SPECTATORS...

HOT DOGS--GET YOUR FREE HOT DOGS--COURTESY OF THE PRANKSTER!

YEAH, PRANKSTER!

SPEECH! SPEECH!

BR-RRR-BRT! LOOK OUT OR I'LL MOW YA DOWN!!

I'M GOIN' BALMY! I NEVER EXPECTED TO BE CHEERED WHILE CRASHIN' A BANK!

INSIDE THE BANK, THE PRESIDENT CONSULTS WITH THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS...

ARE YOU SERIOUS IN DESIRING TO PERMIT THIS--THIS LUNATIC INTO THE BANK?

WHY NOT? HE'S JUST A HARMLESS PLAYBOY. JUST THINK OF ALL THE PUBLICITY WE'LL GET! ("--AND THE DOUGH / MAY GET!--")

LAND O' GOSHEN! SIXTY THOUSAND DOLLARS!!

YOURS, MY DEAR CHAP--ALL YOURS!

AND AS THE PRANKSTER DRIVES OFF FROM THE SCENE OF HIS LATEST TRIUMPH, HE HURLS TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS AT THE MONEY-MAD MOB...

HO! HO! HO! LOOK AT THEM SCRAMBLE! AND WHAT IS MONEY, AFTER ALL, BUT MERE SCRAPS OF PAPER?

I COULD USE A COUPLE SCRAPS MYSELF!

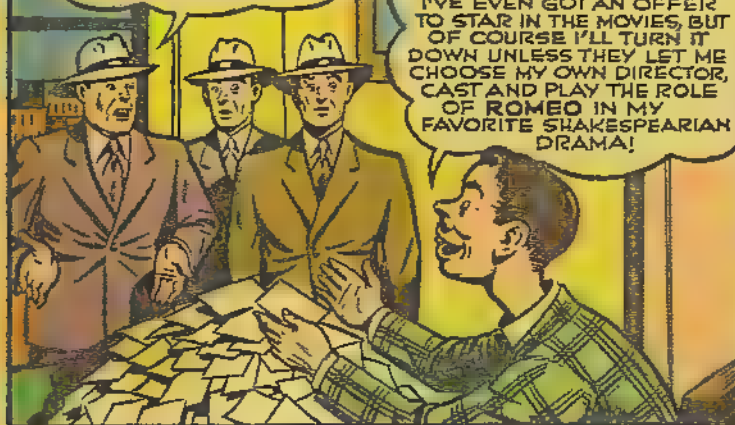
THIS--THIS ALL MAKES ME DIZZY!

I DON'T BLAME YOU! I'M AFRAID I'VE LOST TRACK OF MY PERSPECTIVE, TOO!

LATER--AT THE PRANKSTER'S HIDEOUT....

BUT, BOSS--WE'VE ONLY GOT \$70,851.25 LEFT IN THE "NEST EGG"! YOU'VE GIVEN AWAY \$130,000.00 OF OUR HARD-EARNED MONEY! LET'S CALL IT QUITS, HUH?

HEAVENS, NO! LOOK AT ALL THE PUBLICITY WE'VE BEEN GETTING--AND THE LETTERS...WE'VE DOZENS OF LETTERS FROM BUSINESS MEN BEGGING TO BE ROBBED, SO THEY CAN SHARE IN THE PUBLICITY! I'VE EVEN GOT AN OFFER TO STAR IN THE MOVIES, BUT OF COURSE I'LL TURN IT DOWN UNLESS THEY LET ME CHOOSE MY OWN DIRECTOR, CAST AND PLAY THE ROLE OF ROMEO IN MY FAVORITE SHAKESPEARIAN DRAMA!



THAT EVENING--AS CLARK TAKES LOIS TO A NIGHTCLUB...

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... I'VE A GREAT SURPRISE FOR YOU! THE PRANKSTER HAS KINDLY CONSENTED TO APPEAR HERE TONIGHT!

PREPARE YOURSELVES FOR THE THRILL OF THRILLS, YOU LUCKY PEOPLE! FOR TONIGHT YOU SHALL HEAR AND WITNESS A TREAT, GRANTED TO FEW MORTALS! I WILL PLAY MY FLUTE!



THE PATRONS OF THE NIGHTCLUB ARE SUBJECTED TO THE SOUREST NOTES THAT HAVE LEFT A TORTURED MUSICAL INSTRUMENT SINCE THE BEGINNING OF TIME...



AT THE CLOSE OF HIS "CONCERT", THE PRANKSTER ACTS IN CUSTOMARY FASHION...

HERE IS TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS! AND WITH IT GOES AN INVITATION TO WITNESS MY VISIT TO THE METROPOLIS NATIONAL BANK TOMORROW!

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

THIS IS DULL!



NEXT DAY

DO I HAVE TO GO? THE JUVENILE ANTICS OF THIS RICH MORON ARE TOO MUCH FOR MY SENSITIVE STOMACH!

NEVER- THELESS, HE'S NEWS!

WHITE'S RIGHT, CLARK. A STORY'S A STORY, LET'S GET GOING!



TRUE TO HIS WORD, THE PRANKSTER SHOWS UP AT THE METROPOLIS NATIONAL BANK...

\$60,851.00 IN THIS BAG! AND YOU'VE GIVEN IT TO ME! BUT WHAT'S IN THAT OTHER BAG?

MORE MONEY FOR YOU! BUT I WANT TO HAVE THE PLEASURE OF PERSONALLY DEPOSITING IT IN YOUR BANK VAULT FOR YOU!



WHEN THE VAULT IS OPENED, THE BANK PRESIDENT RECEIVES THE OTHER BAG...

ONLY A QUARTER!

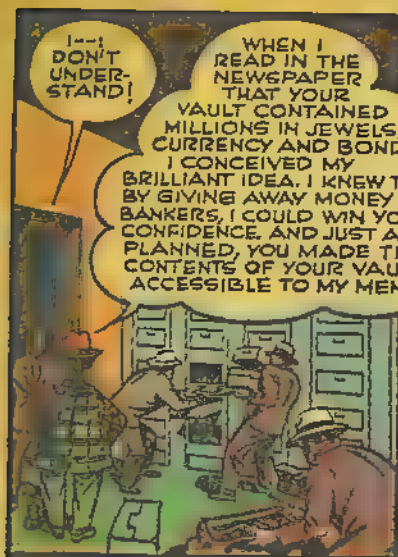
DISAPPOINTED, EH? YOU'LL BE EVEN MORE STARTLED TO LEARN THAT THIS WAS JUST A TRICK TO GET YOU TO OPEN YOUR VAULT!



HO! HO! HO! ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR JOSES, EH?

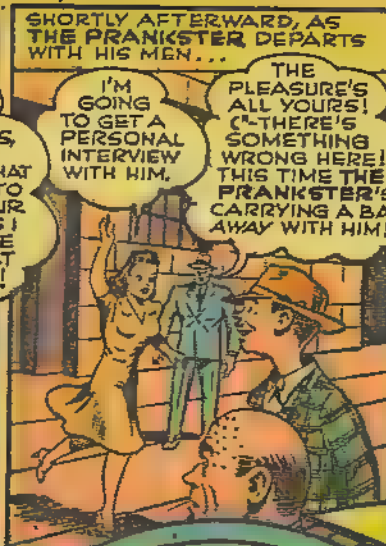
HO! HO! HO! ON THE CONTRARY, I'M DEADLY SERIOUS THIS TIME! HELP YOURSELVES, LADS. THERE ARE MILLIONS TO BE HAD!





I--I DON'T UNDERSTAND!

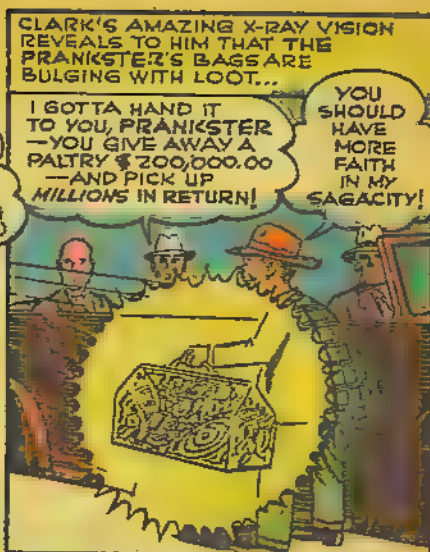
WHEN I READ IN THE NEWSPAPER THAT YOUR VAULT CONTAINED MILLIONS IN JEWELS, CURRENCY AND BONDS, I CONCEIVED MY BRILLIANT IDEA. I KNEW THAT BY GIVING AWAY MONEY TO BANKERS, I COULD WIN YOUR CONFIDENCE, AND JUST AS I PLANNED, YOU MADE THE CONTENTS OF YOUR VAULT ACCESSIBLE TO MY MEN!



SHORTLY AFTERWARD, AS THE PRANKSTER DEPARTS WITH HIS MEN...

I'M GOING TO GET A PERSONAL INTERVIEW WITH HIM.

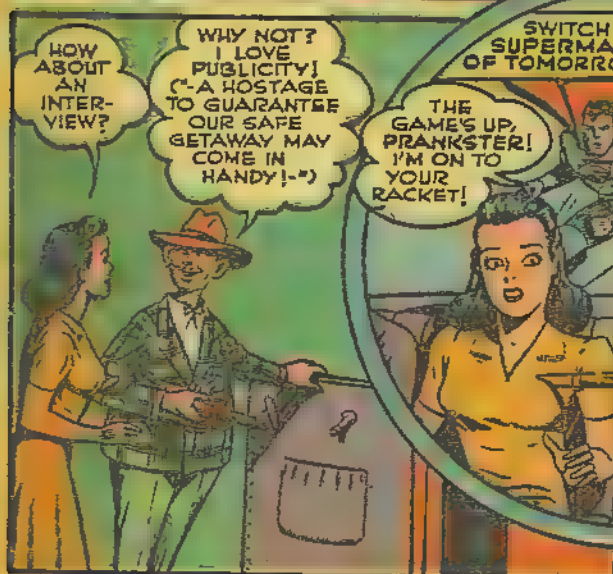
THE PLEASURE'S ALL YOURS! ("THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG HERE! THIS TIME THE PRANKSTER'S CARRYING A BAG AWAY WITH HIM!")



CLARK'S AMAZING X-RAY VISION REVEALS TO HIM THAT THE PRANKSTER'S BAGS ARE BULGING WITH LOOT...

I GOTTA HAND IT TO YOU, PRANKSTER--YOU GIVE AWAY A PALTRY \$200,000.00--AND PICK UP MILLIONS IN RETURN!

YOU SHOULD HAVE MORE FAITH IN MY SAGACITY!

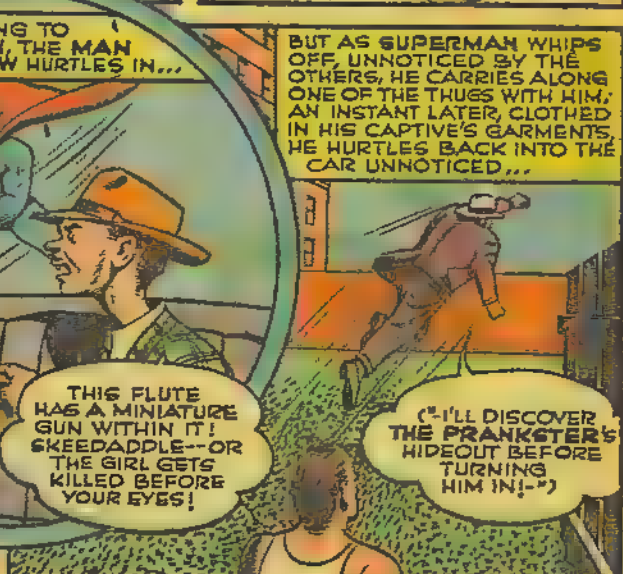


HOW ABOUT AN INTERVIEW?

WHY NOT? I LOVE PUBLICITY! ("A HOSTAGE TO GUARANTEE OUR SAFE GETAWAY MAY COME IN HANDY!")

THE GAME'S UP, PRANKSTER! I'M ON TO YOUR RACKET!

SWITCHING TO SUPERMAN, THE MAN OF TOMORROW HURTLES IN...



BUT AS SUPERMAN WHIPS OFF, UNNOTICED BY THE OTHERS, HE CARRIES ALONG ONE OF THE THUGS WITH HIM. AN INSTANT LATER, CLOTHED IN HIS CAPTIVE'S GARMENTS, HE HURTLES BACK INTO THE CAR UNNOTICED...

THIS FLUTE HAS A MINIATURE GUN WITHIN IT! SKEEDADDLE--OR THE GIRL GETS KILLED BEFORE YOUR EYES!

("I'LL DISCOVER THE PRANKSTER'S HIDEOUT BEFORE TURNING HIM IN!")

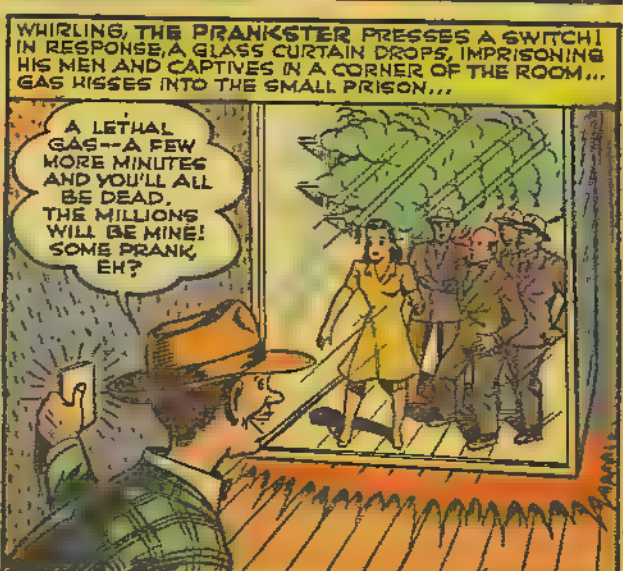


LATER--AS THE AUTO TURNS INTO THE PRANKSTER'S HIDEOUT...

HOW TO SPLIT THE SWAG!

BOY--WE'LL HAVE ENOUGH TO LIVE ON EASY STREET FOR LIFE!

ONE MOMENT, PLEASE!



WHIRLING, THE PRANKSTER PASSES A SWITCH! IN RESPONSE, A GLASS CURTAIN DROPS, IMPRISONING HIS MEN AND CAPTIVES IN A CORNER OF THE ROOM... GAS HISSES INTO THE SMALL PRISON...

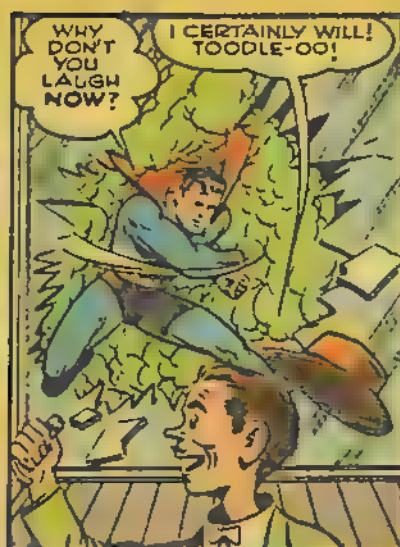
A LETHAL GAS--A FEW MORE MINUTES AND YOU'LL ALL BE DEAD. THE MILLIONS WILL BE MINE! SOME PRANK, EH?



NO TIME TO WASTE! I'VE GOT TO LET FRESH AIR IN HERE!

SUPERMAN!

WE MAY YET LIVE!



WHY DON'T YOU LAUGH NOW?

I CERTAINLY WILL! TOODLE-OO!



A GREAT EXPLOSION—DOWN CRASHES PART OF THE WALL ON SUPERMAN—BUT HE GRIMLY EXTRICATES HIMSELF...

HE'S NOT FINISHED WITH ME YET!



SPRINGING IN, SUPERMAN SENDS THE PRANKSTER & HIRELINGS INTO DREAMLAND...

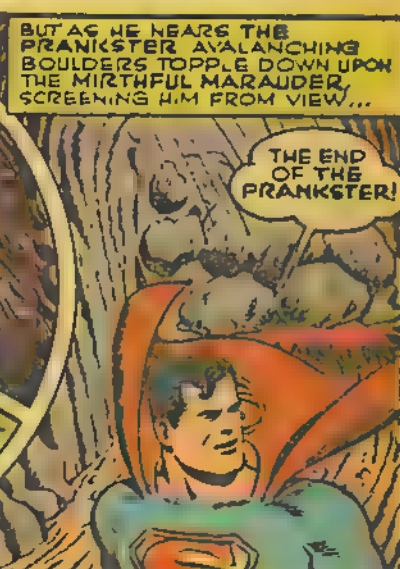
NEXT TRIP I TAKE CARE OF YOUR BOSS!

YEE-EOW!!

AND DON'T BE TOO GENTLE ABOUT IT!

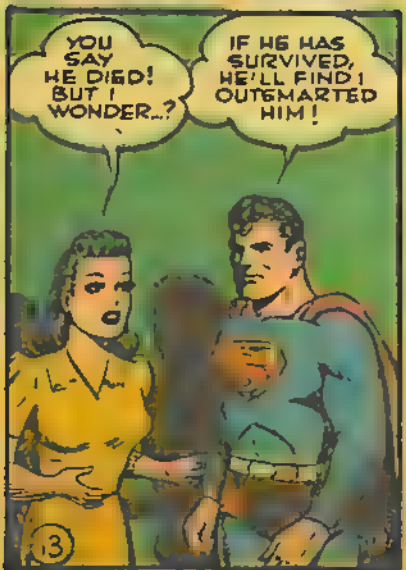


THE MAN OF STEEL HURTLIES THRU A SERIES OF PREARRANGED TRAPS AS HE RACES AFTER THE ROLLICKING ROGUE... FIRE... WHIRLING GLADES...



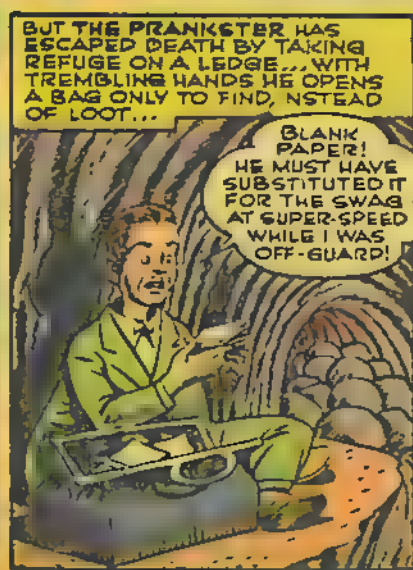
BUT AS HE HEARS THE PRANKSTER AVALANCHING BOULDERST TOPPLE DOWN UPON THE MIRTHFUL MARAUDER, SCREENING HIM FROM VIEW...

THE END OF THE PRANKSTER!



YOU SAY HE DIED! BUT I WONDER...?

IF HE HAS SURVIVED, HE'LL FIND I OUTGAMTED HIM!



BUT THE PRANKSTER HAS ESCAPED DEATH BY TAKING REFUGE ON A LEDGE... WITH TREMBLING HANDS HE OPENS A BAG ONLY TO FIND, INSTEAD OF LOOT...

BLANK PAPER! HE MUST HAVE SUBSTITUTED IT FOR THE SWAG AT SUPER-SPEED WHILE I WAS OFF-GUARD!



SO SUPERMAN HAS THE LAST LAUGH-- THIS TIME! BUT WE WILL CLASH AGAIN-- GOON! AND PERHAPS NEXT TIME IT WILL BE THE PRANKSTER WHO WILL LAUGH LOUDEST-- AND THE LONGEST!

THE END



SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

GREETINGS, SUPERMAN members! If I were to tell you that, in only two months of Philippine fighting, one American soldier machine-gunned 116 Japs, raced forward under fire through a large force of Japanese and rescued a whole unit of American troops, a unit which had been cut off for six days that this same soldier later formed a "suicide anti-sniper" unit with eighty-four other volunteers to eliminate some 300 enemy snipers who had slipped in behind the American lines wiped out a nest of Japanese phone-tappers who were listening in on American communications well, you'd say that if such a man achieved all these exploits, he's a veritable one-man army!

And you'd be right! For Capt W. Wermuth, the hero of these feats, is America's No. 1 one-man army to the officers and men of the Fifty-seventh Filipino Scout Regiment. His actions forestalled many enemy attacks and prepared the way for many of the American counter-attacks which held the numerically superior Jap forces at bay for so many heart-breaking weeks on the Bataan Peninsula.

Wermuth fought the war like he played football for Northwestern Military Academy in Wisconsin—fearlessly and for keeps! This 190-pounder with a Van Dyke beard was perfectly at home in the Bataan Mountains, where he has spent many years.

Speaking of football, one particular exploit remains the favorite of Wermuth's companions. They love to tell of how Wermuth was out on lone pa-

trol one night when he bumped into a squad of armed Japs, out reconnoitering.

"Shhhh!" whispered the Jap leader to Wermuth, failing to spy his American uniform in the heavy darkness.

Realizing that he had been mistaken for a Jap scout, Wermuth acted swiftly.

"Shhhh!" he whispered back and, removing the pin from a hand grenade, quickly "passed" it into the Jap's palm, folded the Oriental's hand over it.

As Wermuth retreated briskly into the gloom, the bewildered Jap stared down at the grenade, failing to comprehend the ruse. Automatically, without thinking, he opened his hand several seconds later. The hand grenade went off. There was a shattering, ear-deafening report—and it was goodbye Jap squad! The Jap had "carried the ball" for Wermuth!

Like father, like son, the saying goes. Never was the adage more true than in the case of Capt Wermuth, whose late father was a World War hero. Even though young Wermuth has received the Distinguished Service Cross for extraordinary

heroism, the Silver Star for gallantry, and the Purple Heart with two clasps signifying that he has been thrice wounded, he still needs an Oak Leaf Cluster for his D.S.C. to equal his father's World War record!

As this issue goes to press, the heroic defense of Bataan has officially ended. Some of its defenders have made good their escape to the fortress-island of Corregidor in Manila harbor and are still denying the use of that coveted naval base to the Japs. Many of the gallant American troops have given their lives, and many others—ill with malaria and worn to complete physical exhaustion by the onslaughts of wave upon wave of fresh Jap troops, have been forced to surrender. Still others, living like shadows in the deep jungles of the peninsula with their Filipino comrades, are still carrying on fierce guerilla warfare against the invaders. I do not know into which of these groups Capt. Wermuth falls—but you can be assured that if he still survives, this SUPERMAN OF THE U. S. ARMY is still battling gallantly against the foe.

Sincerely,

CLARK KENT

SUPERMAN,
c/o ACTION COMICS,
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C.

AUG.

Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMAN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Button and Superman Code.

NAME..... AGE.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY AND STATE.....

SUPERMEN OF THE U.S. ARMY

ONE-MAN ARMY!

**CAPTAIN
ARTHUR WERMUTH-**

THRICE-DECORATED FOR HIS
TREMENDOUS BATTLING DURING
THE HEROIC SIEGE OF BATAAN!



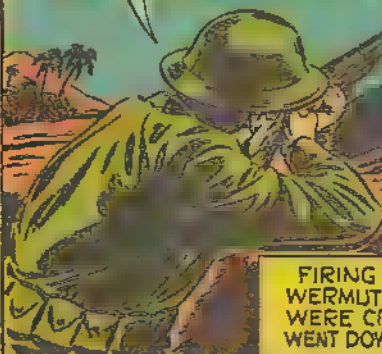
A CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK! ...
WERMUTH'S LATE FATHER WAS
A HERO OF THE FIRST WORLD
WAR--FOUR TIMES DECORATED!



**COLORFUL
HERO!**

AN AMAZING WARRIOR, THIS 190-POUND
EX-GRIDIRON STAR WEARS A VAN DYKE
BEARD IN ACTION AND FIGHTS THE WAR LIKE
HE USED TO PLAY FOOTBALL--FEARLESSLY
AND FOR KEEPS! A CRACK SHOT AND A
TERROR AT HAND-TO-HAND FIGHTING--HE WAS
WOUNDED THREE TIMES AT BATAAN, WHILE
ACCOUNTING FOR AT LEAST 116 JAPS!

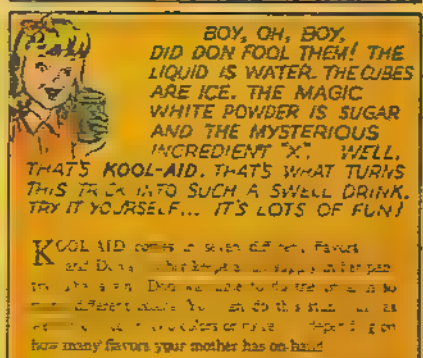
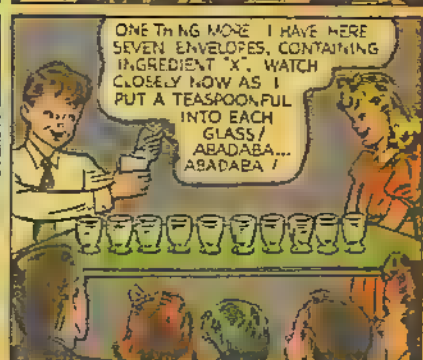
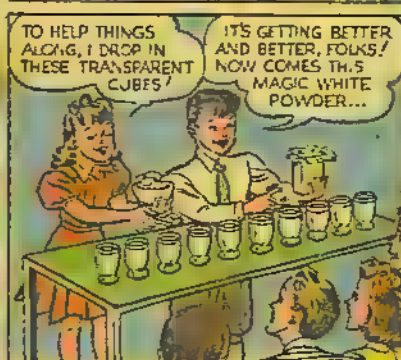
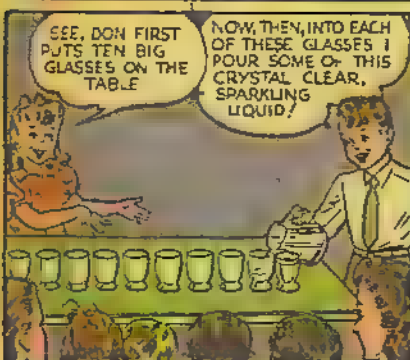
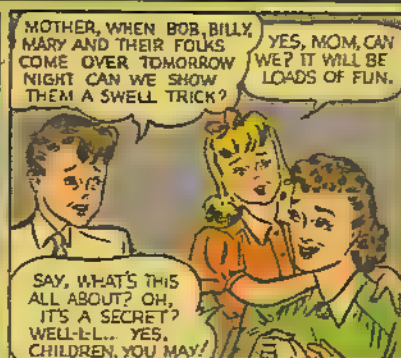
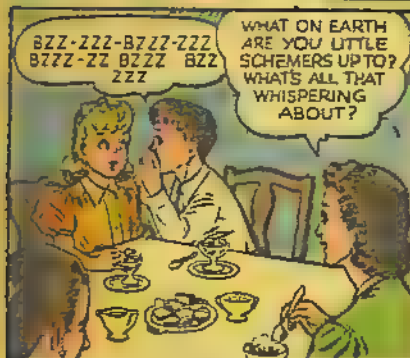
JUST LIKE KNOCKING
OVER DUCKS AT A
CONEY ISLAND
SHOOTING GALLERY!



FIRING FROM A TRENCH IN A RICE FIELD,
WERMUTH SURPRISED A LINE OF JAPS WHO
WERE CROSSING A NEARBY RIDGE--39
WENT DOWN BEFORE HIS ACCURATE SHOOTING!

DON & NANCY magicians ENTERTAIN THEIR FRIENDS!

IT'S A SWELL TRICK THAT YOU CAN DO, TOO!



BOYS! GIRLS! TRY KOOL-AID'S LATEST TREAT!

A NEW BUBBLE GUM THAT CAN'T BE BEAT!

KOOL-AID's new Bubble Gum is the swellest you ever tasted. It comes in five different, long-lasting flavors. Good and chewy, it's best for bubbles! You get a great big piece for only a penny. So buy some today. Look for the surprise fun that's printed on the inside of every wrapper!

Kool-Aid Bubble Gum is so new that your dealer may not have received his supply as yet. If he doesn't have it, tell him to get some right away because Kool-Aid Bubble Gum is the kool if you want! From now on!



KOOL-AID SOFT DRINK POWDERS AND KOOL-AID BUBBLE GUM ARE WHOLESOME PRODUCTS MANUFACTURED AND DISTRIBUTED BY PERKINS PRODUCTS CO., 5555 W. 65th ST., CHICAGO

VIGILANTE



BACK TO THE LAND OF THE PURPLE SAGE GOES GREG SANDERS, TO THE TINY TOWN OF HIS BIRTH, WHERE THE SPIRIT OF FRONTIER DAYS STILL LIVES IN THE MEMORY OF WHISKERED OLDSTERS...IT'S A PUBLICITY MAN'S DREAM IN THE BEGINNING...BUT WHEN THE LURE OF GOLD BRINGS DOWN MACHINE-GUN BANDITS FROM THE UNDERWORLD OF THE EAST, IT BECOMES A NIGHTMARE OF TERROR...UNTIL THE VALIANT VIGILANTE, WHOSE WESTERN WITS AND WEAPONS HAVE LONG BEEN THE NEMESIS OF BIG CITY GUNMEN, CORRALS A CARGO OF CROOKS N... "GUNS, GOLD and GLORY!"

-BY
MORT
MORTON
and
CLIFF!

"BRAD" STORME, RADIO PRESS AGENT,
SUFFERS A STROKE OF GENIUS...

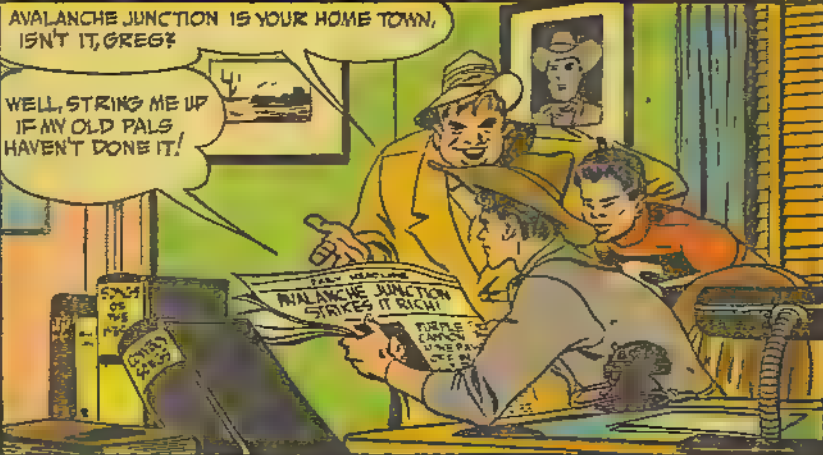
WHERE'S SANDERS? I'VE GOT THE
STUNT OF A
CENTURY!



AND GREG SANDERS, THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR, GETS SOME NEWS ABOUT THE
SAGEBRUSH COUNTRY.

AVALANCHE JUNCTION IS YOUR HOME TOWN,
ISN'T IT, GREG?

WELL, STRING ME UP
IF MY OLD PALS
HAVEN'T DONE IT!



EVERYBODY'S READING ABOUT THE GOLD STRIKE.
YOU GO BACK FOR A VISIT, AND WE STAGE A
SHOW THAT'LL HIT EVERY FRONT PAGE
IN THE COUNTRY!

PUBLICITY FOR
ME!...SO
THAT'S THE
ANGLE!



STUFF, THE CHINATOWN KID,
SCENTS ADVENTURE...

BE A PAL, TROUBADOUR! BOTH
YOU AN' THE VIGILANTE HAVE
BEEN PROMISIN' TO TAKE ME
WEST, AN' I AIN'T GOT PAST
HOBOKEN YET!

ALL RIGHT,
PARTNER...IT'LL
BE SORT OF NICE
SEEING
THE OLD
TIMERS
AGAIN!



TWO DAYS LATER...

IT'S A GYP! WE AIN'T
EVEN BEEN IN A TRAIN
ROBBERY!

WE HAVEN'T
REACHED THE
WIDE OPEN
SPACES YET,
STUFF!

BUT WE'RE
GETTING PLENTY OF
WIDE OPEN SPACES
IN THE
PAPERS!



OF COURSE THE WEST
ISN'T AS WILD AS IT
USED TO BE!

HOW DO
YOU SPELL
SUPERCOLORSALZ?

THIS IS A FINE TIME
TO BE TELLIN' ME!



GOSH, IF I HAD KNOWN THE
BAD MEN HAD GONE SOFT, I'D
HAVE STAYED IN THE BIG
CITY AND HELPED THE VIG
ROUND UP
GANGSTERS!



KEEP

YOUR
SHIRT ON, STUFF...
THE BIG CITY HASN'T
A MONOPOLY ON
CRIME! SOMETHING
TELLS US YOU AND
THE VIGILANTE WILL
BE RIDING HERD ON
TROUBLE LONG
BEFORE THIS
YARN IS
FINISHED...

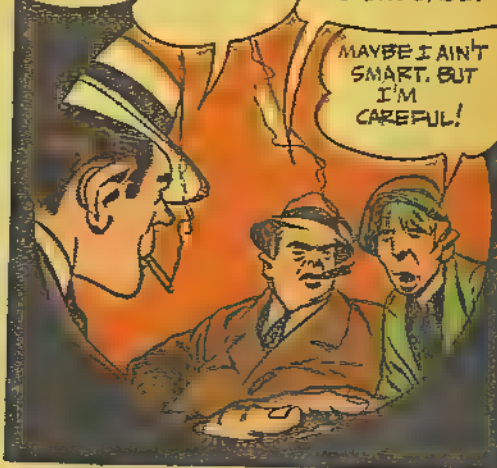


NOT FAR FROM AVALANCHE JUNCTION, TITLED TRAVELERS RELAX AT THE LAZY U DUDE RANCH...



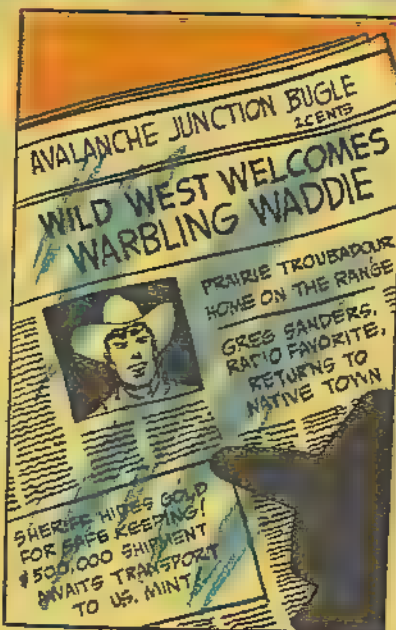
AW, SHADDUP, GOOPY! TH' KING AN' TH' DUKE AN' ME ARE THE BRAINS OF THIS MOB!

YEAH...WE JUST GOT YOU ALONG TO LUG THE BAGGAGE!



HI, KING! WE WAS JUST TALKIN' ABOUT THAT GOLD OVER IN AVALANCHE JUNCTION!

WHILE YOU MUGGS TALK, I...THE KING...BEEN DOIN' SOME HEAVY THINKIN'! LOOKA THIS NEWS-PAPER!



THE HICKS'LL BE WELCOMIN' THIS SANDERS GUY. THEY'LL FORGET ALL ABOUT THE GOLD! WE CAN TAKE OVER THE TOWN EASY!



ALL THEY GOT'S OLD-FASHIONED SIX SHOOTERS. OUR TOMMY GUNS'LL SCARE 'EM OUTA THEIR CHAPS!

I STILL DON'T LIKE IT!

THIS IS GONNA BE FUN!



THIS FIDDLE WILL FURNISH MUSIC FOR THE TROUBADOUR!

CUT IT OUT, GOOPY! YOU AIN'T GOT BRAINS ENOUGH TO WORRY!

I AIN'T WORRIED ABOUT THE SINGER...BUT IF THOSE OTHER GUNS ARE AS TOUGH AS THE VIGILANTE BACK EAST...



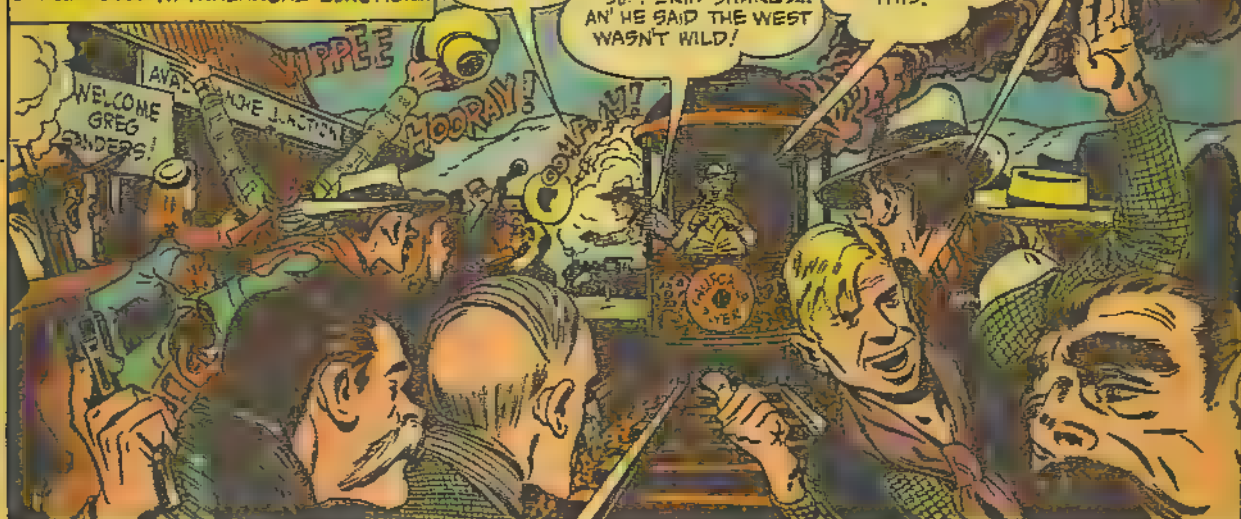
MEANWHILE, WESTERN HOSPITALITY BUBBLES UP AND OVERFLOWS AS THE CALIFORNIA FLVER MAKES A SPECIAL STOP AT AVALANCHE JUNCTION...

THANKS, FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS!... HI, THERE, SAM, YOU OLD POLECAT!

I SHOULD GET A RAISE FOR THINKING OF THIS!

IT'S GREG! HE'S HERE!... C'MON!

SUFFERIN' SNAKES... AN' HE SAID THE WEST WASN'T WILD!



NEXT TO THE VIGILANTE, THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR IS THE GREATEST GUY IN THE WORLD.

I THINK I'M GOIN' TO LIKE IT, HERE!

THE CHINATOWN KID IS A PAL OF THE VIGILANTE!

THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR OUR HERO!



MR. MAYOR AND FELLOW CITIZENS, WORDS FAIL ME...

BUT I GOT SOME LEFT, CHUMS... AN' I WANNA SAY I AIN'T HAD SO MUCH EXCITEMENT SINCE THE BIG CHINATOWN FIRE!



EVENTUALLY, THE DISTINGUISHED VISITOR GETS A CHANCE TO RENEW ACQUAINTANCES...

SHERIFF BARKER, PUT 'ER THERE, THIS IS STUFF! SHERIFF! MAYBE YOU'VE HEARD OF MY LAW-MAN PAL, THE VIGILANTE!

SURE HAVE! WE'RE JUST ABOUT AS PROUD O' HIM AS WE ARE O' GREG, HERE!



THESE YOUNG FELLAS WERE MEMBERS OF THE FAMOUS "VIGILANTES" FORTY YEARS AGO, STUFF! MEET TORNADO TUMPKINS, HUGLEG HUTCHKISS AND WILDCAT WILLIS!

GOLLY, I WISH I'D BEEN AROUND IN THOSE DAYS!

THEM WAS THE GOOD OLD DAYS, SON! BULLETS FOR BREAKFAST SEVEN DAYS A WEEK.

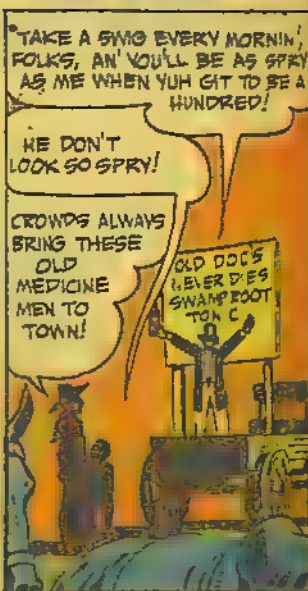


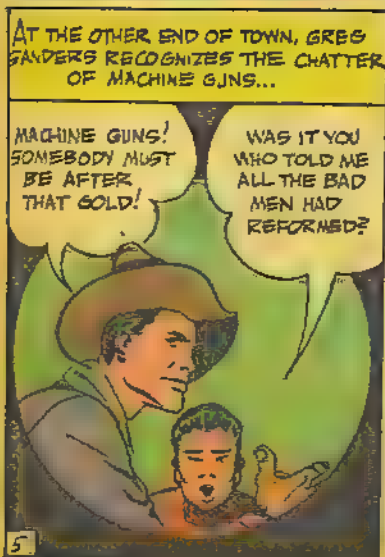
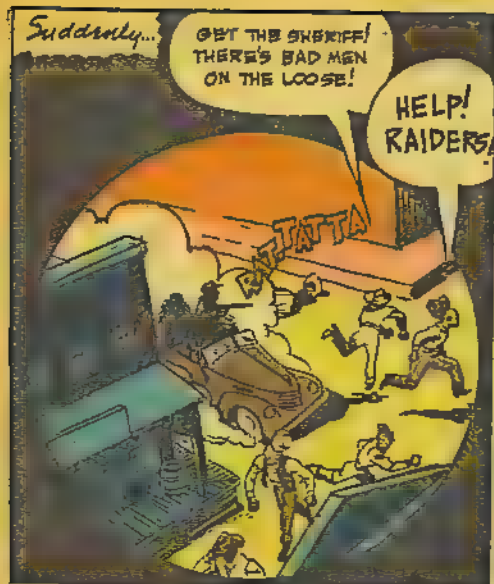
*TAKE A SWIG EVERY MORNIN', FOLKS, AN' YOU'LL BE AS SPRY AS ME WHEN YUH GIT TO BE A HUNDRED!

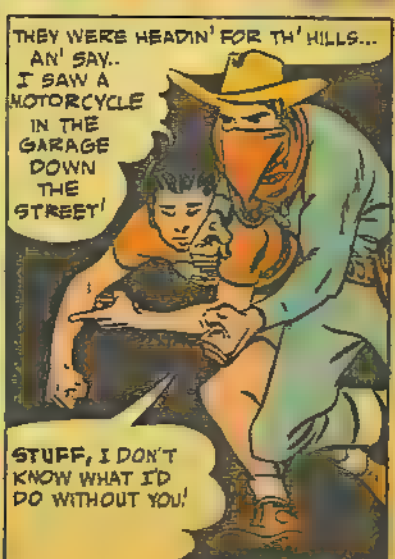
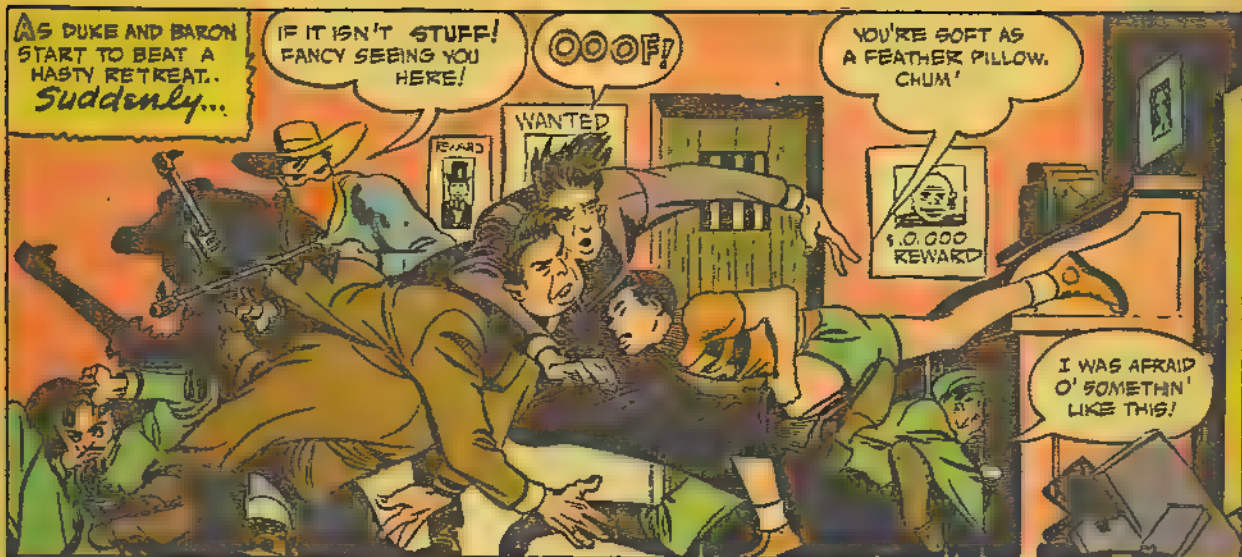
HE DON'T LOOK SO SPRY!

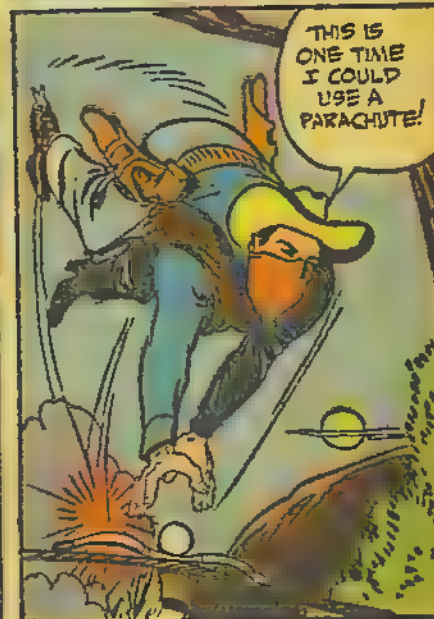
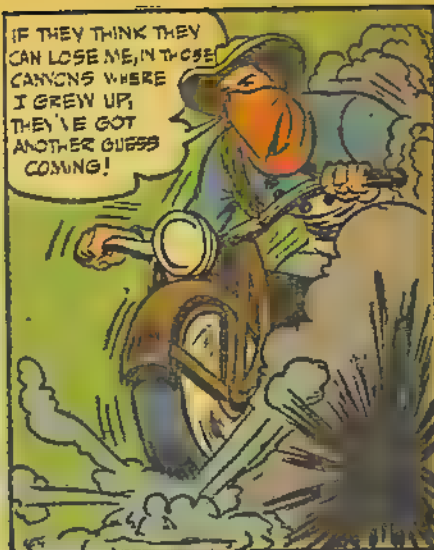
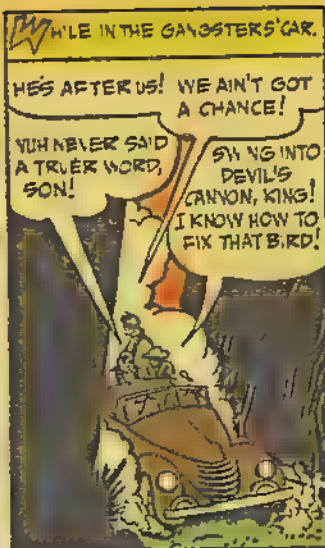
CROWDS ALWAYS BRING THESE OLD MEDICINE MEN TO TOWN!

OLD DOCS NEVER DIES SWAMPFOOT TOWN C









THE SHERIFF, HOWEVER, VALUES THE VIGILANTE'S LIFE BEYOND GOLD.

DON'T KILL HIM! I LOCKED UP THE GOLD IN A CELL AT THE JAIL!

NOW ALL WE GOTTA DO IS SHOOT OUR WAY THROUGH TOWN AGAIN!

BUT FIRST WE GOTTA RUB OUT THESE GUYS SO THEY CAN'T MAKE NO MORE TROUBLE!

YEAH...WE'LL STRING 'EM UP!

NAW! LET'S SHOOT 'EM UP!

TO SAVE ARGUMENT, WE'LL HOIST 'EM UP AN USE 'EM FOR TARGETS! THAT'LL SATISFY BOTH OF YA!

I SHOULD'VE KNOWN BETTER TO TRUST YA!



THEY'VE SURE GOT US OUT ON A LIMB!

PISTOLS AT SIXTY PACES OUGHT TO MAKE IT INTERESTING!

I SURE HATE DYIN' THIS WAY...BUT I WON'T BE MISSED NEAR AS MUCH AS YOU, VIGILANTE!

WHILE THERE'S LIFE THERE'S HOPE, PARTNER!

THAT ABANDONED BIRD'S NEST ON THE LEDGE BELOW... I WONDER...



THE WESTERN WARRIOR'S STEEL SPURS SCRAPE AGAINST THE ROCK...SPARKS SHOWER THE TINDER-DRY NEST AND IT FLARES INTO FLAME...

THE "VIG" PICKS UP THE FLAMING NEST ON A SPUR...

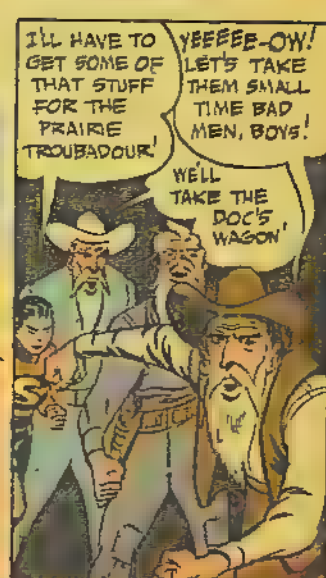
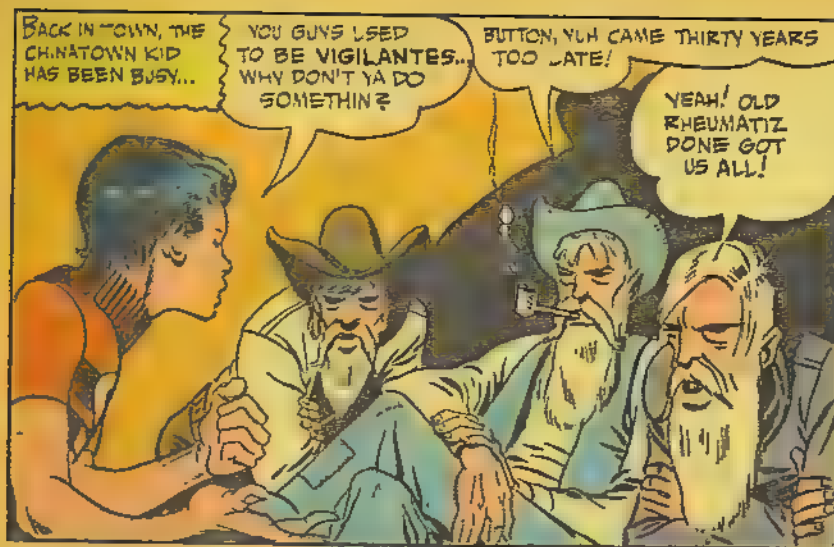


AT THAT MOMENT, THE GANGSTERS OPEN FIRE ON THEIR SUPPOSEDLY HELPLESS VICTIMS...

MISSED, DOGGONE IT!



WATCH ME AN' LEARN HOW!



A TINY FLAME RACES ROARING DEATH
AS THE TWO LAWYEN DANGLE AT
OPPOSITE ENDS OF THE ROPE...

THEY'VE DONE ALL THEIR SHOOTING IN CITIES,
WHERE EVERYTHING'S AT CLOSE RANGE...
THAT'S WHY THEY'RE
MISSING!

OUCH! WHAT
DO YOH MEAN,
MISSIN' ONE
O' THEM SLUGS
JUST SCRAPED
MY SHOULDER!

AND THE FLAME WINS...NOT AN
INSTANT TOO SOON...

OOOFF! YOU
WEIGH PLENTY,
VIG!

SORRY TO
LAND ON
YOU, BUT I
DIDN'T HAVE
ANY CHOICE!

REALIZING WHAT HAS HAPPENED, THE KILLERS
CHARGE...

THEY'RE UNTIN'
EACH OTHER! WE
GOTTA HURRY!

WHAT WE NEED IS
THE MACHINE
GUNS FROM THE
CAR!

IF THEY HADN'T
SNATCHED OUR
GUNS, I WOULD
HAVE SHOWN
THEM SOME
REAL
SHOOTIN'!

IF WE
SNATCH
THEIR
GUNS,
WE'LL
BE
EVEN!

THE VIGILANTE'S ROPE SNAKES OUT...

I'LL SHOW 'EM...
HUH? TRICKED
US AGAIN!

THERE GO OUR
GATS! DUKE IS
GETTIN' THE
TOMMY GUNS.

SOMEBODY KICKED
ME!

HEY, FELLERS...
LET'S GET OUTA
HERE WHILE WE'RE
ABLE!

IF WE'D ONLY
BEEN A LITTLE
QUICKER!

WE'LL GET 'EM! THE
WHOLE WEST AIN'T
BIG ENOUGH TO HIDE
'EM, NOW THAT I GOT
YOU ON MY SIDE!

BUT ONCE AGAIN AN UNPLEASANT SURPRISE AWAITS THE BIG CITY GUNMEN...

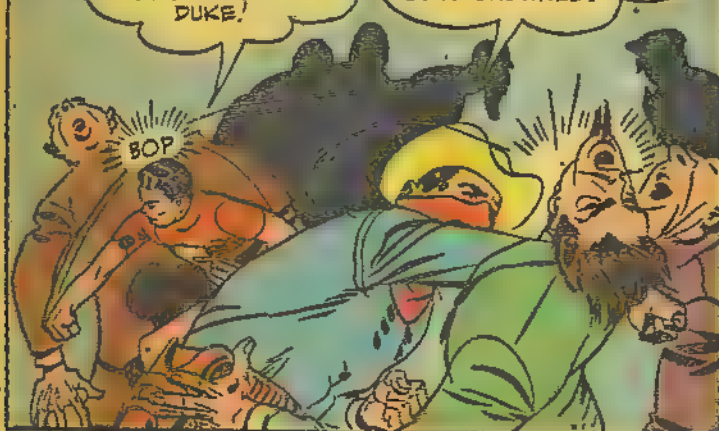
IMAGINE BUMPING
INTO YOU
GUYS!

CRASH!

BEFORE THEY CAN UNSCRAMBLE THEIR WITS...

YOU SHOULD HAVE PUT UP YOUR DUKES, DUKE!

HERE'S WHERE THE KING GETS CROWNED!



THE WHISKERED OLD-TIMERS TAKE A CAPTIVE.

SURRENDER, OR I'LL TEAR YUH LIMB FROM LIMB!

AIN'T NO CITY SLICKER CAN GET THE BETTER O' ME!

PLEASE, GUYS, CUT THE COMEDY AN' TAKE ME TO JAIL!



SO YUH THOUGHT THAT CITY METHODS COULD WORK OUT HERE...YUH OUGHTA BE LYNCHED.. BUT I RECKON I'LL JUST HAVE TO PUT YUH IN PRISON FOR LIFE!



AS THE PARTY RETURNS TO THE JAIL...

TIME FOR THE VIGILANTE TO DISAPPEAR AND FOR THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR TO COME OUT OF HIDING!

WELL, BOYS, YOU'RE GOIN' TO GET YUH WISH AT LAST! I'M PUTTIN' YUH IN THE CELL WITH ALL THE GOLD!



THERE'S THE GOLD... HAMMERED INTO BARS TOO THICK TO BEND OR BREAK, AN' PAINTED BLACK! IT WAS HIDDEN LIKE THIS ALL THE TIME!



ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GOLDEN BARS...

HERE YOU ARE, GREG! I WANTED YOU TO CATCH THOSE CROOKS FOR PUBLICITY..BUT THE VIGILANTE BEAT YOU TO IT!

THE VIGILANTE IS MY PAL...WHO AM I TO STEAL HIS GLORY?



LATER AS THE VISITORS DEPART...

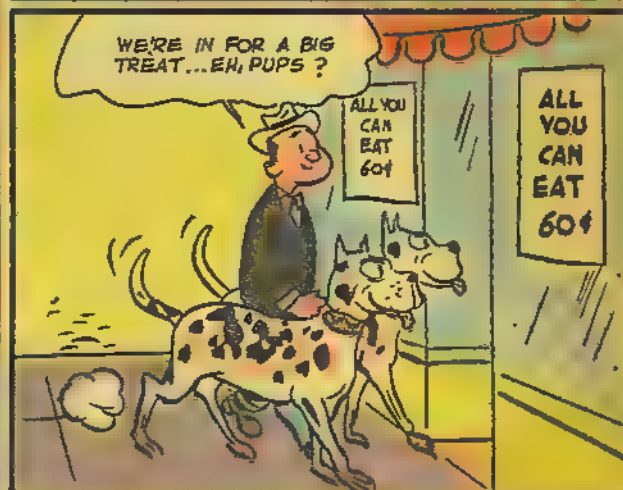
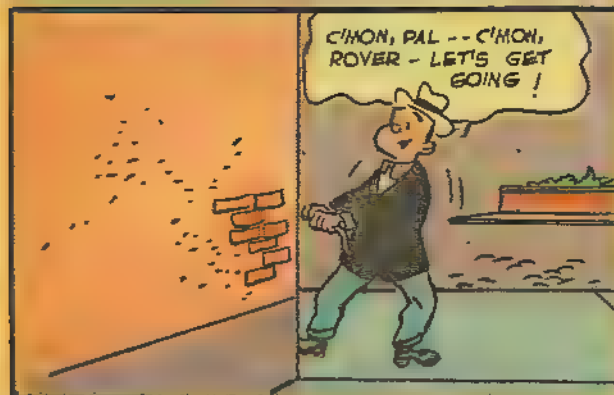
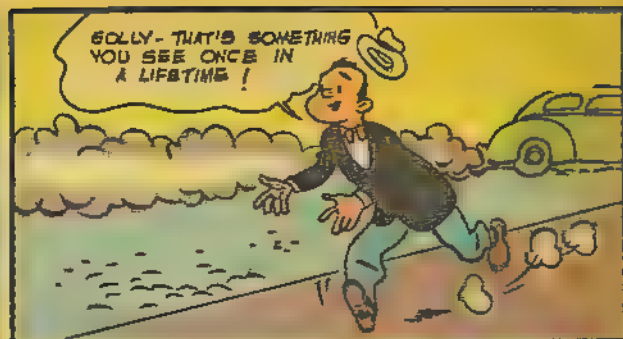
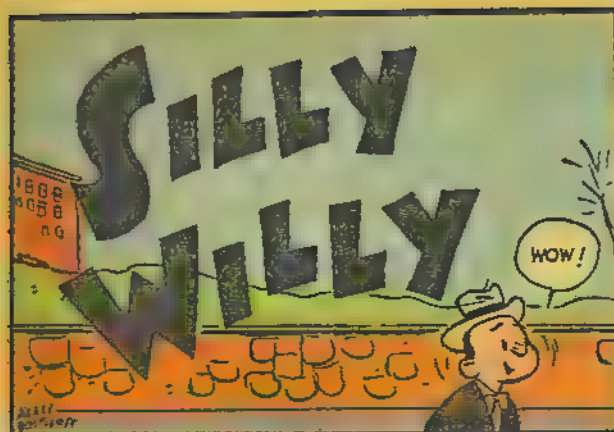
TRY SOME OF THIS SWAMPROOT TONIC, GREG!... IT MAY MAKE YOU AS TOUGH AS THE VIG!

NO THANKS, STUFF... WHAT IF IT SPOILED MY VOICE?



SHALL STUFF SHARE OUR SECRET THAT GREG SANDERS IS REALLY THE VIGILANTE? WHAT DO YOU SAY, FELLOWS

?



MOVIES NEWSPAPERS RADIO

--AND IN THE WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING BI-MONTHLY COMIC MAGAZINE, **SUPERMAN** PROVES HIMSELF TO BE THE WORLD'S GREATEST ACTION-ADVENTURE CHARACTER!

SUPERMAN 10¢

WAR SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS DO THE JOB ON THE WAR

3 ACES



DEEP IN THE DESOLATION OF THE SOUTHWESTERN "DEAD LANDS," THE **THREE ACES** INVESTIGATE THE MYSTERY OF A VOLCANO CRATER THAT SWALLOWS UNCLE SAM'S FIGHTING SHIPS OF THE AIR...AND FIND THEMSELVES ROARING FULL TILT INTO NIGHTMARE PERILS IN...

"THE VALLEY OF THE VULTURES"!

A SPECIAL MISSION IS ASSIGNED AN EXTRA-SPECIAL SQUADRON OF TRIPLE-THREAT SKY-FIGHTERS.

THE LOST PATROLS WERE LAST SEEN AROUND THIS VALLEY--THE COASTAL COMMAND WANTS YOU TO INVESTIGATE!

JOLLY STRANGE, SHIPS VANISHIN' LIKE THAT!

THE VALLEY OF VULTURES, EH? ODD NAME.

RADIO LINKS THE TRIO OVER THE ROCKY WASTES...

LANDIN' IN THESE ROCKS WOULD BE A BIT OF A TRICK!

BUT WE'RE NOT LANDIN' TILL WE REACH THE VALLEY, FOG!

THINK WE CAN MAKE IT, GUNNER?

...AND AS THEY REACH THEIR DESTINATION--

WHAT 'O.. WE'RE ARRIVIN'!

KEEP YOUR EYES SKINNED FOR SIGNS OF WRECKAGE



SUDDENLY, A VAST ROARING SOUNDS ABOVE THE SONG OF THE MOTORS, AND...

LOOK OUT!! IT'S A WHIRLWIND IN REVERSE!

BLIMEY...THE SUCTIONS GOT MY SHIP, LADS!

NO WONDER THOSE OTHER PLANES WERE LOST!



A MIGHTY LEAP BY FOG... AND HE IS WHIRLED OUTSIDE THE AERIAL WHIRLPOOL BY CENTRIFUGAL FORCE...

I MAY REACH THE GROUND ALIVE...BUT I JOLLY WELL WON'T STAY ALIVE LONG WITHOUT FOOD OR WATER!



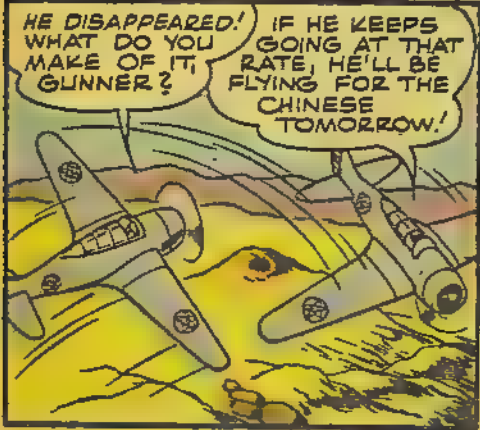
THE NEXT INSTANT...

STRIKE ME PINK...I'M GOIN' RIGHT ON THROUGH!



HE DISAPPEARED! WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, GUNNER?

IF HE KEEPS GOING AT THAT RATE, HE'LL BE FLYING FOR THE CHINESE TOMORROW!

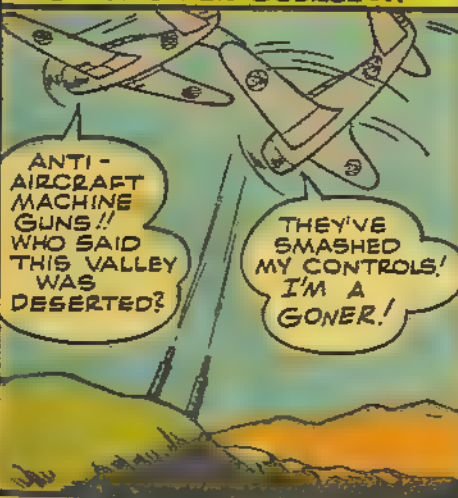


THE WHIRLWIND'S STOPPED! SHALL WE LOOK INSIDE THE CRATER?

LET'S FIND A PLACE TO LAND FIRST!



ABRUPTLY, THE QUESTION OF A LANDING PLACE IS SETTLED FROM ANOTHER SOURCE...



ANTI-AIRCRAFT MACHINE GUNS!! WHO SAID THIS VALLEY WAS DESERTED?

THEY'VE SMASHED MY CONTROLS! I'M A GONER!

AND THE MIRACLE OF THE UN-RESISTING ROCKS IS REPEATED!

NOW HE'S CRASHED THROUGH! IF THAT DOESN'T BEAT EVERYTHING!



GONE!...BOTH MY PALS! IF IT'S THE LAST THING I EVER DO, I'LL EVEN THINGS UP WITH THE RATS BEHIND THIS MURDER MILL!



BUT HAVE FOG AND GUNNER BEEN KILLED?
LET'S TAKE A LOOK UNDERGROUND AND SEE
WHAT GOES ON THERE...

HUH? THESE BOULDERS
ARE ONLY PAINTED
CARDBOARD AND CANVAS!
AND THE FLOOR OF
THIS VALLEY IS FLAT
AS A DRUMHEAD!



WHEN FOG CRASHED THROUGH THE "ROCK",
HE WAS MOMENTARILY DAZED BY HIS
STARTLING DISCOVERY...

MARCHED THROUGH ARTIFICIAL
TUNNELS, HE IS BROUGHT FACE
TO FACE WITH A NIPPONESE OFFICER.

SO NICE OF
YOU TO COME
HERE! NOW WE
HAVE ONE MORE
AMERICAN
PLANE TO
BOMB AMERICAN
CITIES!

YOU'RE WRONG
ABOUT THAT, YOU
YELLOW BOUNDER!
MY SHIP
CRASHED INTO
A VOLCANO!



CAPTURED AMERICAN PILOTS
WORK FOR RISING SUN!
SOON WE SHALL HAVE
ENOUGH PLANES TO STRIKE
HARD AT WEST COAST
FACTORIES!

YOU BALLY
OAF! I'D LIKE
TO BREAK
YOUR
TREACHEROUS
NECK!



YOU
TUNE UP
PLANES..
OR ELSE
WE
SHOOT!

SHOOT IF YOU
WANT.. BUT YOU
CAN'T MAKE ME
HELP THE
AXIS!

Pssst..
BUDDY!



WE'RE ALL AXIS-HATERS
HERE.. LET'S PLAY BALL WITH
THE JAPS.. AND THEN WE'LL
TAKE THE RATS
BY SURPRISE!

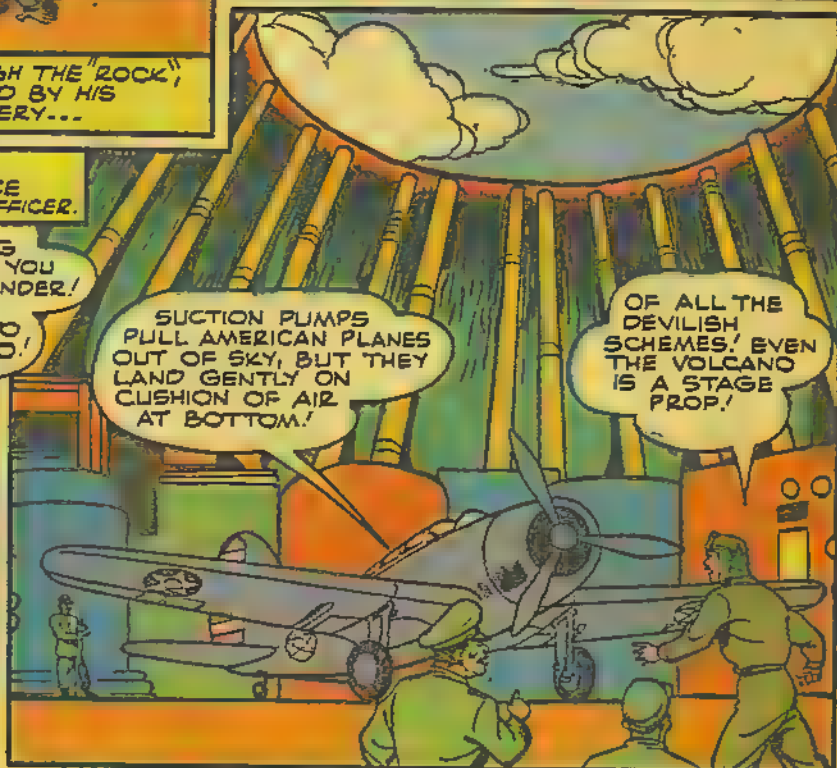
BY JOVE,
YOU HAVE
SOMETHING
THERE!



BEFORE HE COULD GATHER HIS WITS...

YOU WANT
TUMMY FULL
OF LEAD,
NO?

NO IS RIGHT, YOU
JAP BLIGHTERS!

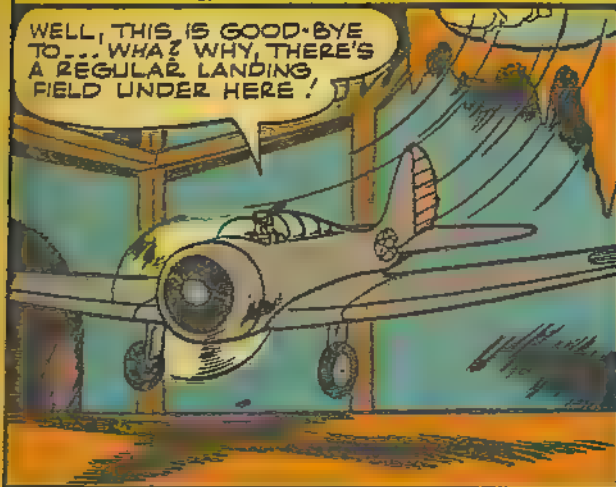


SUCTION PUMPS
PULL AMERICAN PLANES
OUT OF SKY, BUT THEY
LAND GENTLY ON
CUSHION OF AIR
AT BOTTOM!

OF ALL THE
DEVILISH
SCHEMES! EVEN THE VOLCANO
IS A STAGE
PROP!

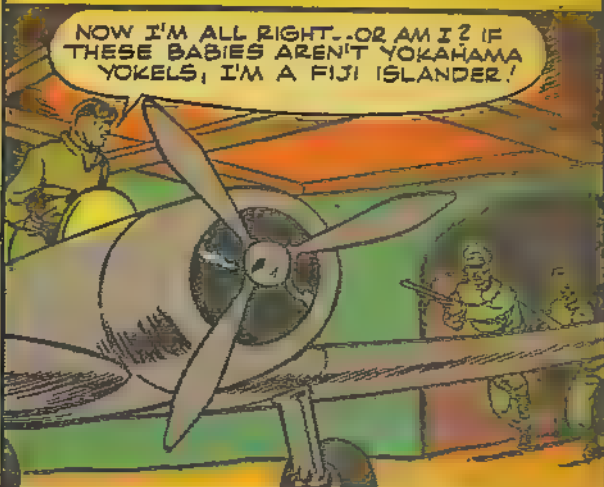
GUNNER'S AMAZEMENT IS AS GREAT AS FOG'S AS HIS SHIP RIPS THROUGH THE FLIMSY CAMOUFLAGE---

WELL, THIS IS GOOD-BYE TO... WHA? WHY, THERE'S A REGULAR LANDING FIELD UNDER HERE!



DESPITE A BULLET-SEVERED CONTROL WIRE, THE ACE GUIDES THE PLANE TO A SAFE REST---

NOW I'M ALL RIGHT...OR AM I? IF THESE BABIES AREN'T YOKAHAMA YOKELS, I'M A FIJI ISLANDER!

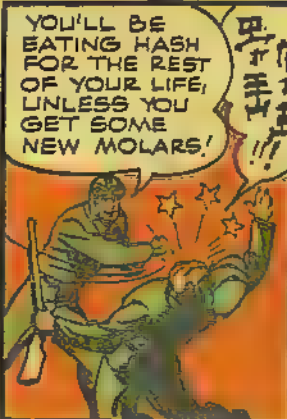


SO THIS IS A SECRET JAP BASE! AND HERE'S WHERE A SON OF THE RISING SUN SETS!

NOW TO MAKE HASH OF YANKEE IDIOT!



YOU'LL BE EATING HASH FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE, UNLESS YOU GET SOME NEW MOLARS!



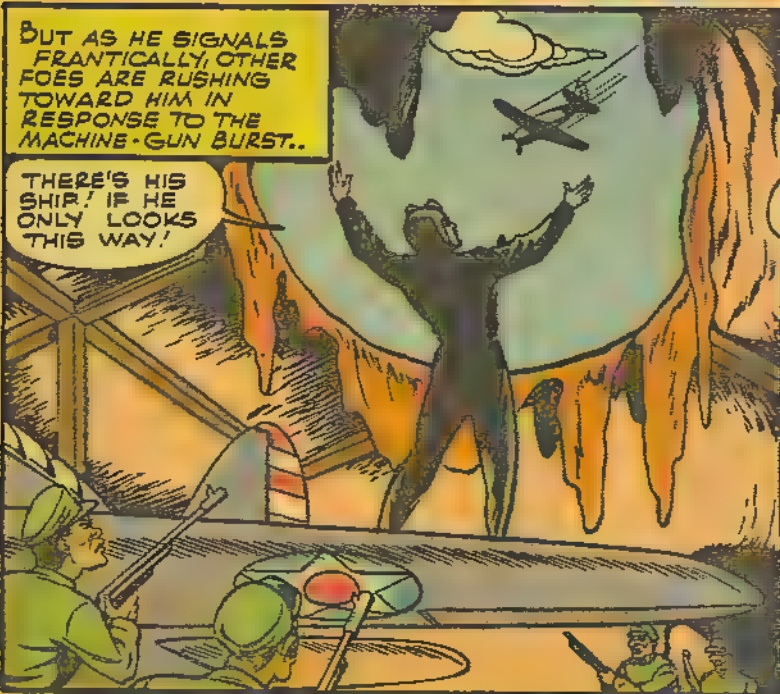
LEAPING UPON HIS PLANE ONCE MORE, GUNNER THRUSTS HIS ARMS THROUGH THE FALSE ROOF

IF I CAN GET RID OF SOME OF THIS FAKE SCENERY, MAYBE WHISTLER WILL SPOT ME!



BUT AS HE SIGNALS FRANTICALLY, OTHER FOES ARE RUSHING TOWARD HIM IN RESPONSE TO THE MACHINE-GUN BURST..

THERE'S HIS SHIP! IF HE ONLY LOOKS THIS WAY!



CLAWING HANDS DRAG HIM DOWN!

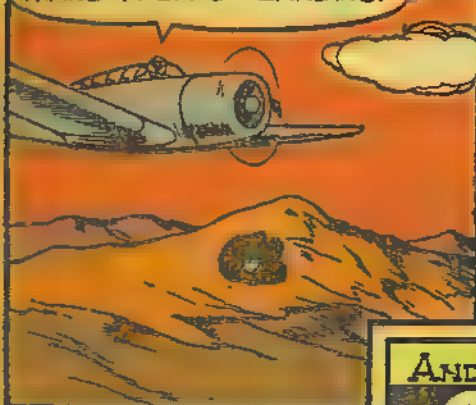
IF MY PALS WERE WITH ME, WE'D MAKE SHORT WORK OF YOU YELLOW SKUNKS!

ONE MORE 'AMERICAN TO HELP TOKIO WIN WAR!



NOW IT IS WHISTLER'S TURN TO BE ASTONISHED...

EITHER MY BRAIN IS SLIPPING A COG, OR THAT'S GUNNER... ALIVE--AND SIGNALING ME TO MAKE A CRASH LANDING!



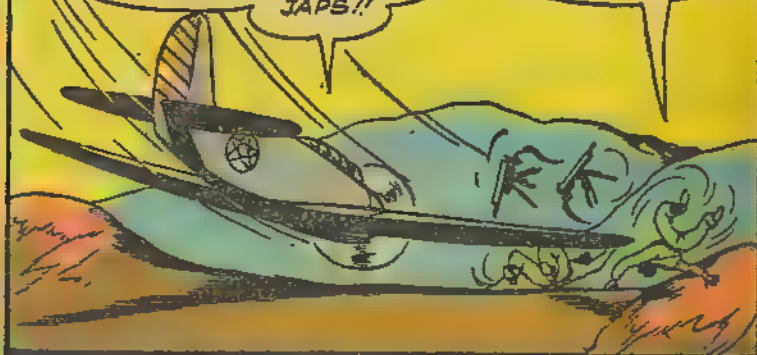
THE ROCKETING PLANE SHATTERS A MAKE-BELIEVE BOULDER...

CANVAS AND CARD-BOARD!! IT'S AS PHONY AS THE ONES WHO MADE IT!



I'LL COME DOWN!...BUT FIRST I'M GOING TO PUT THESE COYOTES OUT OF ACTION!...JUST AS I SUSPECTED...THEY'RE JAPS!!

PERHAPS SUN GODDESS NOT FEELING GOOD TODAY!



AND SNARLS THROUGH THE SECRET HANGAR....!

WHAT A SET-UP! AND WHAT A KNOCK-DOWN I'M GOING TO GIVE IT!

CHEERIO!! GIVE THE BLIGHTERS WHAT FOR, MATEY!



THE CAPTURED PILOTS TURN THE TABLES ON THEIR DISMAYED GUARDS!

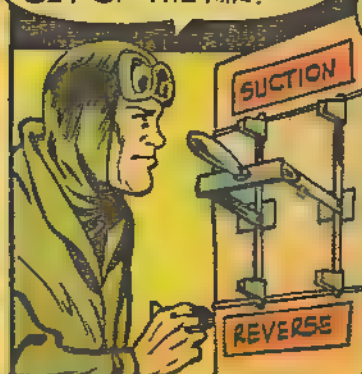
THIS IS FOR THE BEATINGS YOU'VE GIVEN ME!

IF YOU HADN'T STARVED ME, I'D SLAM YOU CLEAR ACROSS THE PACIFIC!



MEANWHILE, WHISTLER BRINGS HIS PLANE TO REST AND INSPECTS THE MACHINERY THAT OPERATES THE AIRPLANE TRAP...

SO THIS IS HOW THEY YANKED OUR PLANES OUT OF THE AIR!



ABRUPTLY...

SURRENDER OR I WILL THROW THIS HAND GRENADE! THE EARTH BENEATH YOU IS MINED AND WILL BLOW YOU TO PIECES!

OH, OH-- THIS IS BAD!

I SAY-- THERE ISN'T A BALLY THING WE CAN DO!



WITH DEATH ABOUT TO POUNCE,
WHISTLER TAKES A DESPERATE
CHANCE...

DIE
THEN,
FOOLS!

ARE YOU CRAZY,
WHISTLER?...
HEY...HERE IT
COMES!



IF ONLY
THIS
WORKS
THE WAY
I THINK
IT WILL!

HE'S STARTED THE
WHIRLWIND AGAIN...
BUT THIS
TIME IT'S
BLOWING
UPWARD!

IT'S
TOSSING
THE
BOMB
BACK!



THE REVERSE ACTION OF
THE MONSTER SUCTION
MACHINE, HURLS THE
MURDEROUS JAP
OFFICER SKYWARD...

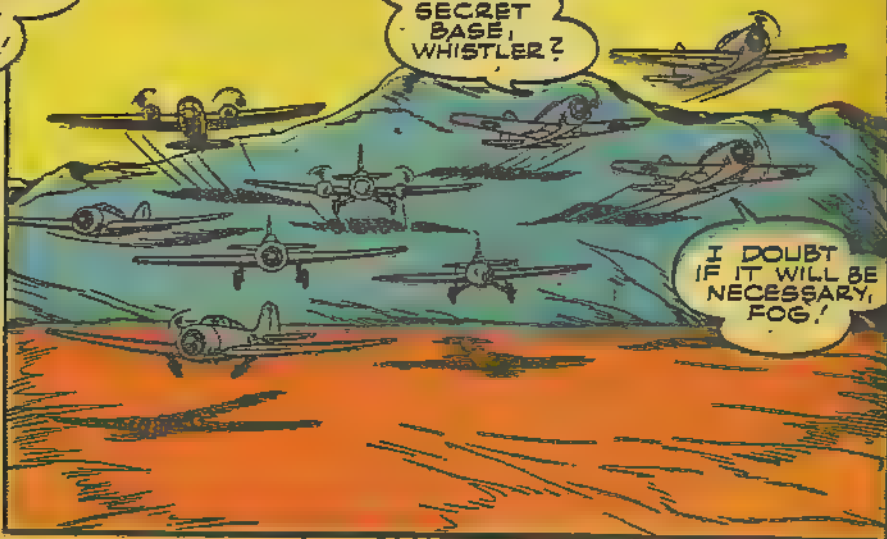


INTO YOUR PLANES, I CAN
EVERYBODY! FIX
REMEMBER, THAT BROKEN
WHAT GOES UP MUST
COME DOWN..
AND WITH A BANG!

THAT BROKEN
CONTROL
WIRE IN
A JIFFY!

MOMENTS
LATER..

WHY DIDN'T
WE WRECK
THAT
SECRET
BASE,
WHISTLER?



I DOUBT
IF IT WILL BE
NECESSARY,
FOG!

AND AS THE FLEET OF
SKYFIGHTERS SOARS
ALOFT, THE FALSE
VOLCANO DISSOLVES IN
AN UNSCHEDULED
ERUPTION!

YOU SEE, THAT
JAP OFFICER AND
HIS HAND GRENADE
HAD TO COME
DOWN AGAIN!

I GET IT!
WHEN HE
CAME DOWN,
EVERYTHING
WENT UP!

BOOM!

SO ENDS OUR STORY, WITH THE
THREE ACES AGAIN VICTORIOUS,
RETURNING IN TRIUMPH WITH A
LOST SQUADRON OF HEROES...

SO LONG, MAMA--
WE'RE OFF TO
YOKOHAMA!



..... BUT
THEY'LL BE
BACK TO
ZOOM TO
DAREDEVIL
TACTICS
THROUGH
ANOTHER
SMASHING
ADVENTURE
IN NEXT
MONTH'S
ISSUE OF

ACTION
COMICS

Mr. AMERICA

and
FAT MAN

by **BERNARD BAILY**

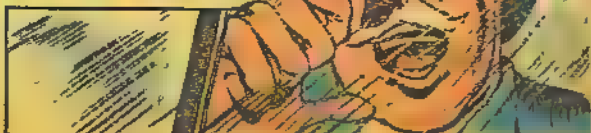
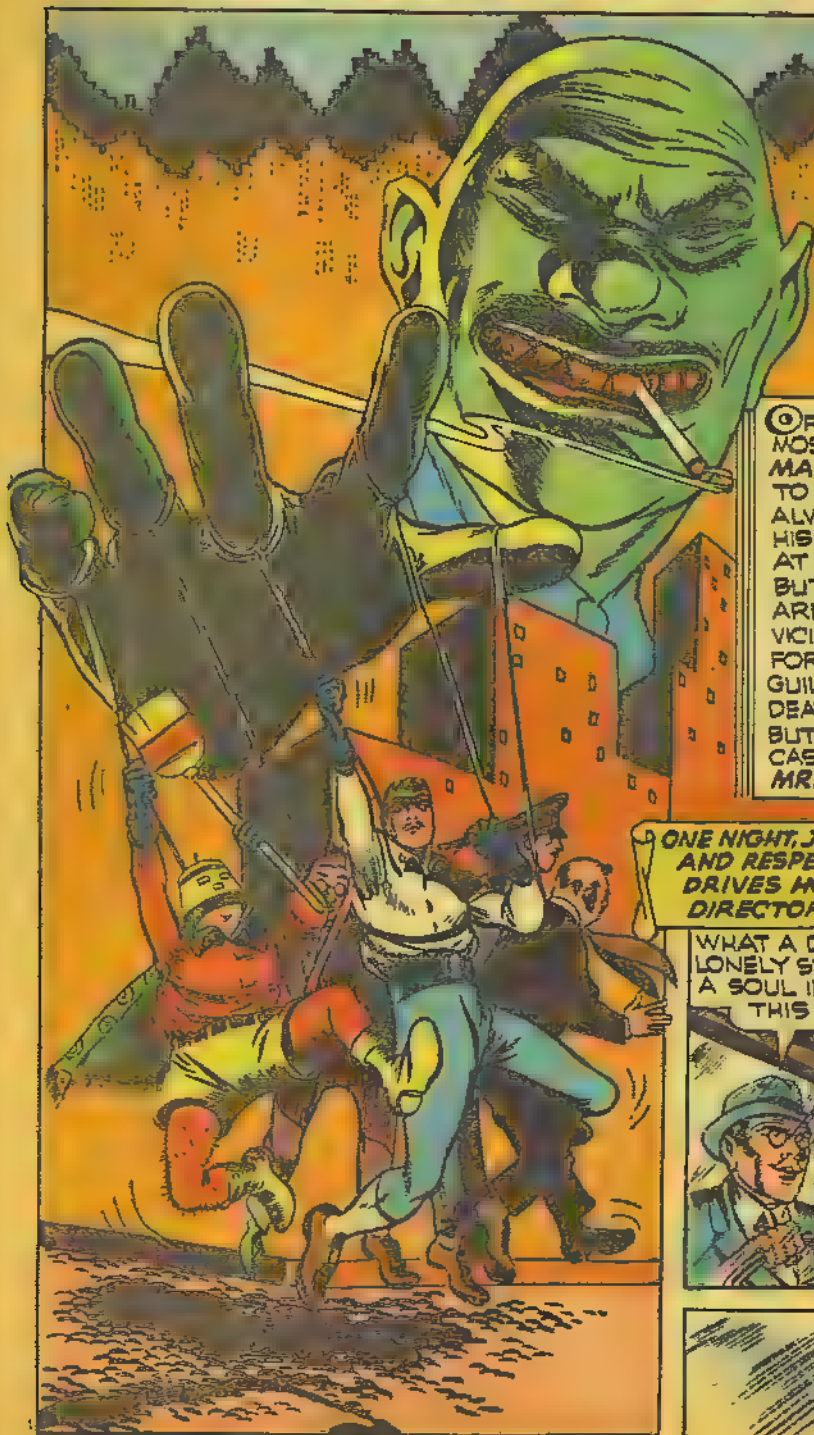
OF ALL CRIMINALS, THE LOWEST AND MOST DESPICABLE IS THE **BLACK-MAILER**! HIS VICTIMS PAY AND PAY TO THE BITTER END...HOPING ALWAYS TO BUY RELEASE FROM HIS SINISTER POWER...KNOWING AT LAST THERE IS NO RELEASE! BUT BLACKMAILERS IN GENERAL ARE GENTLEMEN COMPARED TO THAT VICIOUS MASTER RAT...**THE FRAMER**! FOR HIS VICTIMS WERE NOT THE GUILTY BUT THE INNOCENT---AND DEATH WAS THEIR ONLY RELEASE! BUT THAT WAS BEFORE **THE FRAMER** CAST HIS BLACKMAIL NET OVER **MR. AMERICA** AND HIS ALLY, **FAT MAN**!

ONE NIGHT, **JOHN GELT**, WEALTHY AND RESPECTED BANKER, DRIVES HOME FROM A DIRECTORS' MEETING...

WHAT A DARK AND LONELY STREET! NOT A SOUL IN SIGHT AT THIS HOUR!

WITHOUT WARNING, THE SETTING CHANGES!

LOOK OUT, YOU FOOL! GET OUT OF THE WAY!!



I HIT HIM! HE
STUMBLERD RIGHT
IN FRONT OF
MY CAR!

AHH!

FLEETING
SECONDS...AND
THE DAMAGE
IS DONE! AN
INNOCENT MAN
IS DOOMED
TO A LIFETIME
OF AGONY!

HE'S DEAD! I'VE KILLED A MAN!
I DIDN'T MEAN TO...BUT I DIDN'T
HAVE A CHANCE TO STOP!

AN INTERESTED
SPECTATOR
TAKES IN THE
SCENE...

THIS IS
HORRIBLE!
I MUST GET
HIM TO A
HOSPITAL!

HEY,
YOU!

I RAN THIS POOR
FELLOW DOWN BY
ACCIDENT! HE
MUST GET TO A
HOSPITAL AT
ONCE! PLEASE
HELP ME!

SURE, I'LL
HELP YOU,
CHUM...

...LIKE THIS/HOW'M
I DOIN', LIL?

NOT TOO HARD,
JAKE! JUST
ENOUGH TO
STUN HIM!

STUNNED BUT CONSCIOUS, JOHN
GELT IS TOO DAZED TO RESIST!

READY, LIL?
OKAY, BOSS!
SHOOT THE
WOIKS!

GOOD! HURRY,
BEFORE SOME
PROWL CAR
STUMBLES
ONTO OUR
SETUP!

THE NIGHT IS SPLIT BY
THE BLINDING GLARE
OF A PHOTOFLASH
BULB!

WHAT AN ENLARGE-
MENT THIS WILL
MAKE. HA/HA!!

HIS SINISTER WORK
DONE, THE FRAMER
TAKES HIS LEAVE!

GOODBYE FOR NOW,
FRIEND GELT! WE'LL
SEE YOU AGAIN...
SOON...
VERY
SOON!

NICE WORK, FRAMER! THE WAY CHUCK THREW HIMSELF AROUND, I THOUGHT HE REALLY HAD GOTTEN HIT BY THE CAR!

NOT ME, LIL! I KNOW MY BUSINESS!

The
NEXT DAY,
GELT'S
MIND IS
TORTURED
BY THE
MYSTERY
AND THE
SINISTER,
HAZY
MEMORIES...

THEY VANISHED LIKE GHOSTS! DID IT REALLY HAPPEN--OR WAS IT ALL A HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE?

A NOTE FOR YOU, SIR!

THE FRAMER?
WAIT...LAST NIGHT!
THAT WAS THE NAME I HEARD
THROUGH MY
DAZE! I'VE GOT
TO DO AS HE
SAYS!

JOHN GELT:
YOU ARE INVITED TO
A PRIVATE EXHIBITION
OF PHOTOGRAPHIC ART
AT MY SALON, 80
WORTH PLACE, AT
8 TONIGHT! IF
YOU'RE SMART, YOU
WILL COME ALONE
AND TELL NO ONE!

The Framers

THAT NIGHT THE GNAWINGS
OF FEAR AND UNCERTAINTY
DRIVE JOHN GELT TO THE
SECRET RENDEZVOUS WITH
DOOM!

COME RIGHT IN,
GELT! YOU'RE
JUST IN TIME!

YOU'RE THE
FRAMER,
AREN'T YOU?
WHAT'S THE
MEANING OF
ALL THIS?

THIS IS A PRIVATE
EXHIBITION OF MY
CAMERA ART!
THE OTHERS ARE
ENJOYING IT NOW!!

WHY...WHY...
THERE'S
LONG, THE
CHIEF OF
POLICE! DR.
ROSSEN, THE
SURGEON...
AND MAYOR
GORDON!

HERE'S YOUR PICTURE, GELT! TSK-TSK! PROMINENT BANKER KILLS PEDESTRIAN ON WILD PARTY! WOULDN'T THE NEWSPAPERS LOVE TO GET THIS!

YOU
SCOUNDREL!
I'VE BEEN
FRAMED!

SO HAVE I! THIS PICTURE
OF ME ACCEPTING A
BRIBE FROM KILLER IS
A RANK FRAMEUP!

MINE,
TOO!

I NEVER GAMBLLED
WITH WANTED
CROOKS IN MY
LIFE!

QUITE RIGHT, GENTLEMEN...**QUITE RIGHT!** I FRAMED YOU ALL... FRAMED YOU SO CLEVERLY YOU'LL NEVER GET OUT OF IT! YOU SEE, I AM THE FRAMER! IF THESE PHOTOS GOT OUT, YOU WOULD BE DISGRACED, RUINED, CRIMINALLY PROSECUTED!



YOU RAT!
WHAT DO
YOU WANT
FROM US?

YOUR COOPERATION! I'M
BUILDING THE WORLD'S
GREATEST CRIMINAL ARMY!
GELT WILL SUPPLY THE
FUNDS! CHIEF LONG WILL
FREE THE MEN I WANT
FROM JAIL! DR. ROSSEN
WILL CHANGE THEIR
FACES...

I
REFUSE!



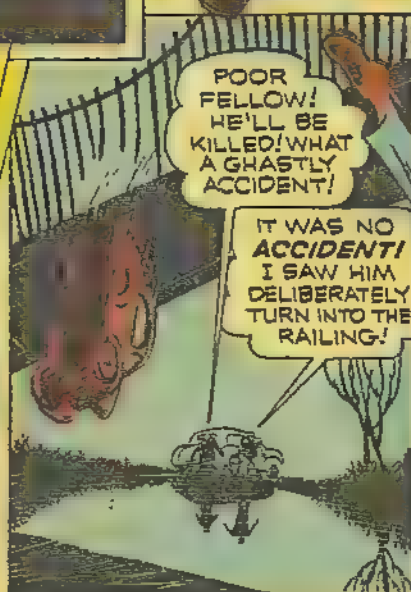
YOU POOR FOOL! REFUSE AND
I'LL PLASTER THESE PICTURES
OVER EVERY PAPER IN THE
COUNTRY! NOW GET OUT, ALL OF
YOU, AND PREPARE
TO OBEY MY
ORDERS!

I'VE GOT TO! IF
MY BANK FAILS,
IT MEANS RUIN FOR
THOUSANDS!!

A SHORT TIME LATER, TEX
THOMSON AND HIS FRIEND,
BOB DALEY, ARE RIDING
PAST HIGH BRIDGE WHEN
SUDDENLY...

HO-HUM! CRIME HAS
BEEN DULL SINCE WE
ENDED THE QUEEN
BEE'S CAREER!

TEX! LOOK!!
THAT CAR!!!



POOR
FELLOW!
HE'LL BE
KILLED! WHAT
A GHASTLY
ACCIDENT!

IT WAS NO
ACCIDENT!
I SAW HIM
DELIBERATELY
TURN INTO THE
RAILING!



I CAN SEE
HIM, TEX! HE'S
FLOATING!



IT'S JOHN GELT,
THE BANKER!
BUT I'M AFRAID
I GOT TO HIM
TOO LATE!

WHY
SHOULD A
RESPECTED
MAN LIKE
THAT COMMIT
SUICIDE?



LIE QUIETLY,
MR. GELT!
WE'LL HAVE
A DOCTOR...

NO! I'M DYING!
I BEAT THE
FRAMER... CAN'T
MAKE ME... HELP
HIM... NOW! THOSE
OTHERS... MAYOR,
CHIEF...



FRAMED PHOTOS...
BLACKMAIL... BO
WORTH PLACE!
BUILDING...
CRIME ARMY...
MAKE PROM-
INENT PEOPLE
HELP... AHHH!

GONE! SO A
CROOK CALLED
THE FRAMER
IS BLACKMAIL-
ING PEOPLE INTO
AIDING HIS
CRIMES!

WITHIN AN HOUR, TEX AND BOB HAVE BECOME THOSE DREAD CRIME-FIGHTERS...MR. AMERICA AND HIS FAITHFUL ALLY, FAT MAN!

WE'RE LUCKY GELT LIVED LONG ENOUGH TO REVEAL THE FRAMER'S DIRTY PLAN AS WELL AS HIS ADDRESS! YOU GUARD THE BACK WHILE I GO IN!

HE'LL FEEL THE MIGHT OF FAT MAN'S WEAPONS!



SO THAT'S MY NEW ENEMY!

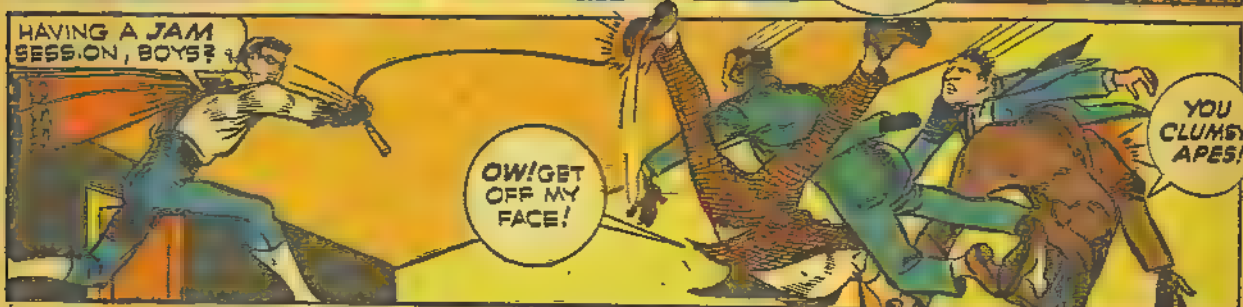
NO ONE CAN STOP US! WE'LL HAVE ALL THE CITY OFFICIALS AT OUR MERCY, BEGGING TO HELP US! THEN WE'LL...



THEN YOU'LL WHAT?

IT'S MR. AMERICA! GET HIM, YOU FOOLS!

HAVING A JAM SESSION, BOYS?



OW! GET OFF MY FACE!

YOU CLUMSY APES!

THIS IS NO WAY TO TREAT HUMAN BEINGS---BUT BLACKMAILERS AREN'T HUMAN BEINGS!

GET HIM WHILE HIS BACK IS TURNED! SLASH HIM TO PIECES!

THE HEAVY HAND OF JUSTICE FALLS ON THE GUILTY...

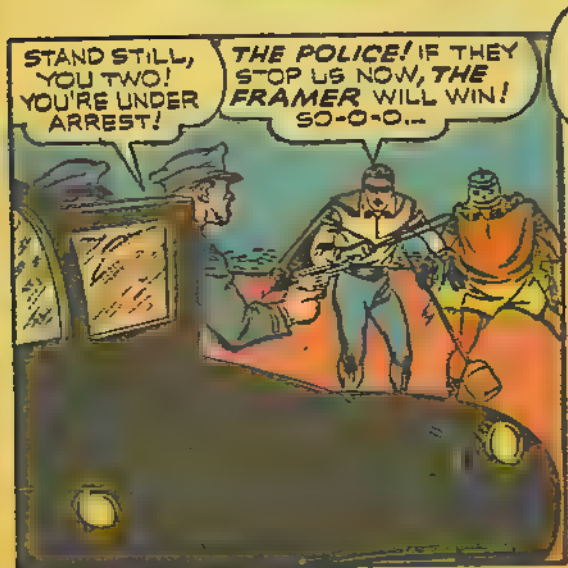
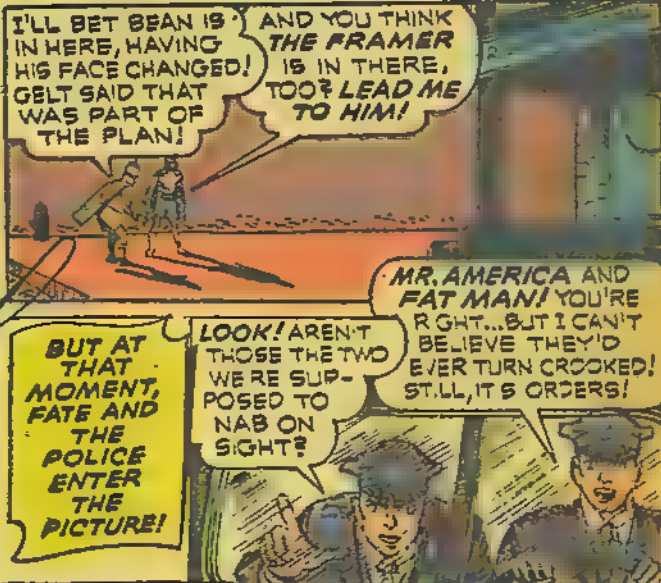
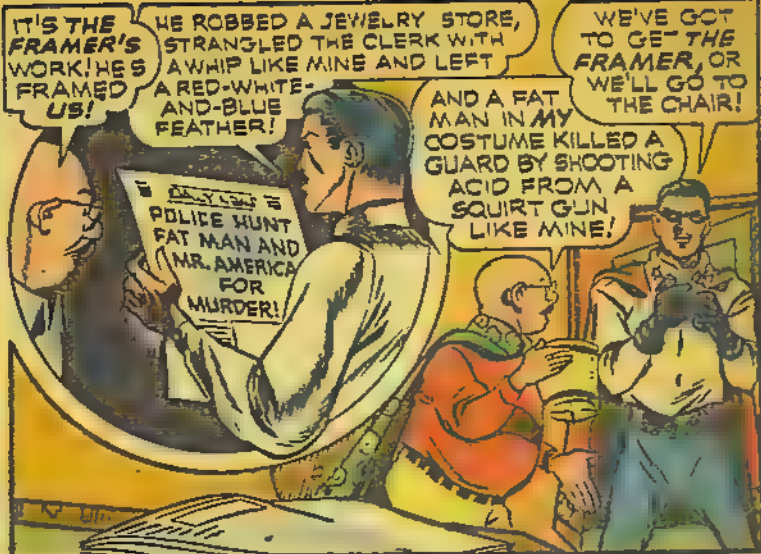
THOSE TWO HAVE THEIR HANDS FULL! I'D BETTER TAKE MY PICTURES AND RETIRE TO A NEW FRONT!



A GOOD HOUSECLEANING! BUT WITH VERMIN LIKE THIS WE OUGHT TO DISINFECT!

THE FRAMER! HE'S MADE A GETAWAY AND TAKEN THOSE BLACKMAIL PHOTOS WITH HIM!





OKAY START OPERATING, PAL! BUT I'M WARNING YUH...IF YOU TRY ANY FUNNY STUFF WHILE I'M ASLEEP, I'LL...

DON'T WORRY, BUGS!

MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE BIG HOSPITAL OPERATING ROOM...

I'M HERE! ROSSEN KNOWS WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF HE MADE ONE LITTLE SLIP!

I WON'T! THOSE FRAMED PICTURES OF ME TAKING DOPE WOULD RUIN ME AND MY HOSPITAL! I'VE GOT TO DO YOUR ROTTEN WORK!

HEY! I THOUGHT NOBODY ELSE WAS SUPPOSED TO GET IN HERE!

SORRY... EMERGENCY CASES! WE'VE GOT TO OPERATE AT ONCE!

At THAT MOMENT, THE GRIM TASK IS INTERRUPTED!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND! I GAVE STRICT ORDERS...

SOMETHING'S FISHY! WHAT KIND OF EMERGENCY OPERATION?

I'M GOING TO REMOVE A NASTY BLEMISH ON OUR FAIR CITY!

IT'S MR. AMERICA!

AND I'M HERE TO TAKE CARE OF A RUN-DOWN HEEL!

OW!

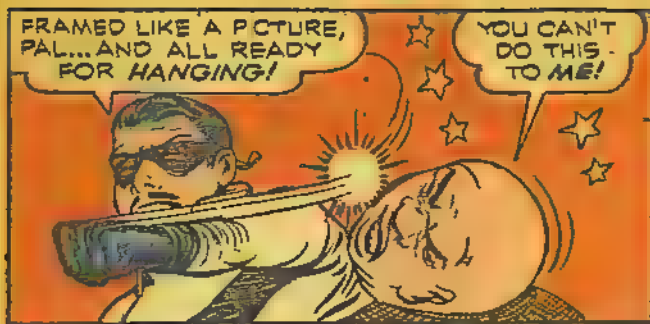
THIS WON'T GET YOU ANYTHING! YOU'RE STILL WANTED FOR MURDER!

YOU CAN'T ESCAPE! I FRAMED YOU JUST AS I FRAMED THE OTHER SAPS! I KILLED THOSE TWO AND FIXED IT SO YOU'LL BURN FOR THE MURDERS! HA! HA!

THANKS FOR THE CONFESSION, SAP--I MEAN FRAMER!

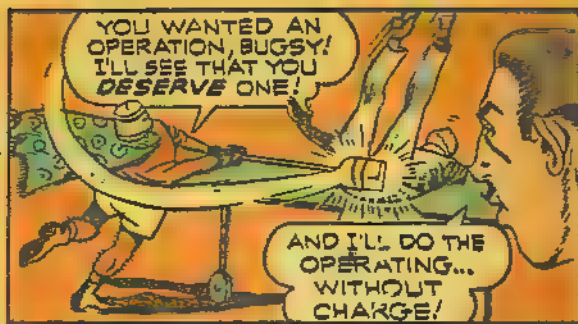
THESE OFFICERS CAN'T TALK RIGHT NOW... BUT THEY CAN LISTEN! IT WAS NICE OF YOU TO CONFESS AND CLEAR US!

IT'S A TRICK! I'VE BEEN FRAMED!!



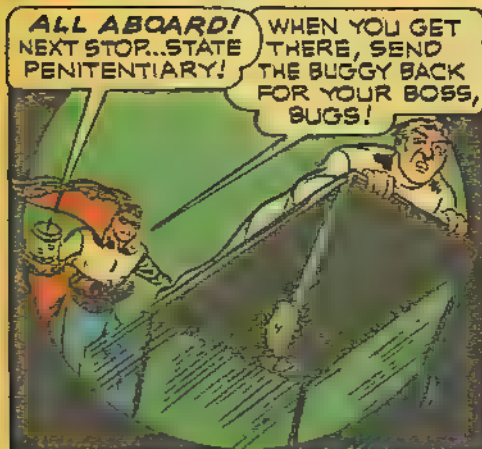
FRAMED LIKE A PICTURE,
PAL...AND ALL READY
FOR HANGING!

YOU CAN'T
DO THIS -
TO ME!



YOU WANTED AN
OPERATION, BUGSY!
I'LL SEE THAT YOU
DESERVE ONE!

AND I'LL DO THE
OPERATING...
WITHOUT
CHARGE!



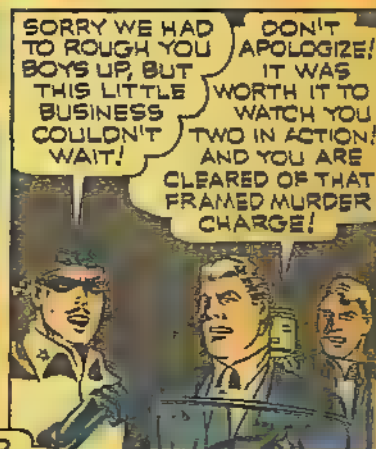
ALL ABOARD!
NEXT STOP...STATE
PENITENTIARY!

WHEN YOU GET
THERE, SEND
THE BUGGY BACK
FOR YOUR BOSS,
BUGS!



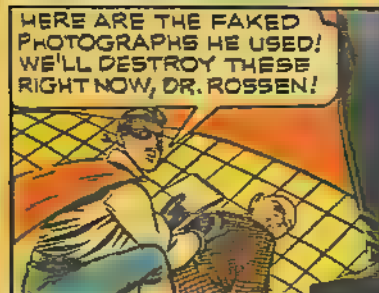
NICE PITCHING,
FAT MAN! YOU
STRUCK HIM
OUT!

IT WAS FUN
WHILE IT
LASTED!



SORRY WE HAD
TO ROUGH YOU
BOYS UP, BUT
THIS LITTLE
BUSINESS
COULDN'T
WAIT!

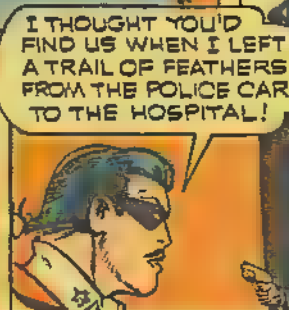
DON'T
APOLOGIZE!
IT WAS
WORTH IT TO
WATCH YOU
TWO IN ACTION!
AND YOU ARE
CLEARED OF THAT
FRAMED MURDER
CHARGE!



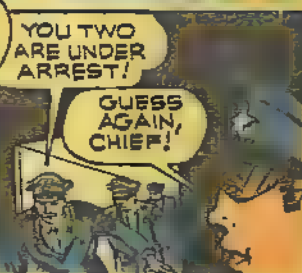
HERE ARE THE FAKED
PHOTOGRAPHS HE USED!
WE'LL DESTROY THESE
RIGHT NOW, DR. ROSSEN!



I'LL TELL
THE REST
THEY ARE
FREE AT
LAST!



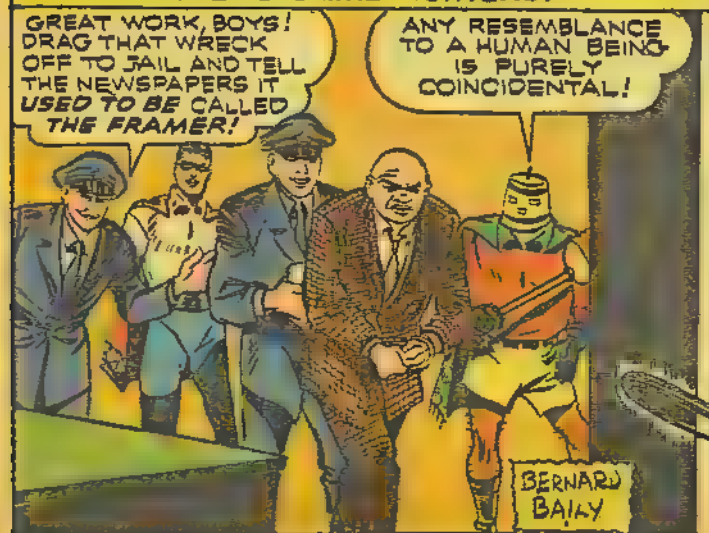
I THOUGHT YOU'D
FIND US WHEN I LEFT
A TRAIL OF FEATHERS
FROM THE POLICE CAR
TO THE HOSPITAL!



YOU TWO
ARE UNDER
ARREST!

GUESS
AGAIN,
CHIEF!

THE STORY IS TOLD, AND ONCE MORE THE POLICE
FIND THEMSELVES THANKING THE TWO
INTREPID CRIME FIGHTERS!



GREAT WORK, BOYS!
DRAG THAT WRECK
OFF TO JAIL AND TELL
THE NEWSPAPERS IT
USED TO BE CALLED
THE FRAMER!

ANY RESEMBLANCE
TO A HUMAN BEING
IS PURELY
COINCIDENTAL!

BERNARD
BAILY

HELLO, FELLOWS!



FROM NOW ON, THIS
SPACE IS GOING TO
BE DEVOTED TO
YOU AND TO WHAT
YOU ARE DOING
TO HELP WIN
THIS WAR! WE'LL
PASS ALONG YOUR
IDEAS AND SLOGANS
IN THIS BOX, SO
START SENDING
THEM IN TODAY
TO....

BERNARD BAILY...
% ACTION COMICS,
480 LEXINGTON,
AVENUE,
NEW YORK CITY

SOME people say that when a boy has to work his way through college, he gets a lot more out of it. Maybe that's why Danny Garvin felt the way he did about Carver! To him it was the school.

And when a feller feels like that even after nights making sodas, and studying for a law degree, it's easy enough to understand why he hasn't much time for athletics.

But just try telling that to Danny Garvin. There was Danny, all five feet two of him, at the beginning of each season eager for a varsity place.

He had turned out, now, for the basketball schedule at Carver. And once again, Coach Preston had called Danny behind the door marked, "Director of Athletics."

The coach's voice was kindly. "Danny, it isn't that we don't want you. Stick to your books, and let the bigger boys handle the athletics."

"But, Coach," Danny protested. "This is my junior year. I've just got to get on some kind of team. A guy doesn't win his letter for scholarship."

The coach rose, patted the boy's back. "There's nothing to keep you from trying again, Danny," he said jocularly, "after you put on some beef." He looked at his watch. "Gosh," he said, "speaking of beef, I almost forgot I've got to watch Howard's workout in the gym. See you later!"

Danny, watching the coach hasten away, understood. He, personally, didn't like Al Howard. But there was no denying that the new welterweight sensation of Carver, braggart or not, bid fair to bring the school its first inter-collegiate boxing championship in many years.

"Well, anyway," Danny muttered, crossing the gym, "this Howard will help the school." He struck angrily at a punching bag which loomed, pear-shaped, before him on its stand. The bag rattled off the backboard as Danny hit it a queer, twisting sort of punch. He had to stand on his toes to reach it.

SOME MUST FIGHT

by Ed Magee.

They say that no matter how depressed a person is, usually a bright spot can be found. In Danny's case this exclusive light was Jean Preston, the coach's daughter. It was she who now called Danny's name as he walked across the campus.

"Hello, Danny," she smiled. "I didn't see you at the Sugar Bowl." Her eyes fell on Danny's gym bag. "Trying out again?" Smiling, "So that's why you haven't been working?"

"Yes," Danny concurred lugubriously. "Just trying out."

"Oh, I'm sorry," she linked her arm in Danny's. "But don't you worry, Danny," she said. "One of these days, Dad will see what he's got in you." Her tone was sympathetic.

Danny grinned now, his hurt temporarily forgotten. "You said it, Jean," he enthused. "Everything's going to be okay. Carver will take the boxing championship night after tomorrow." He grew fervid. "Everybody's talking about Howard and what fights he has put up. Most of the town's going to be on hand, too."

"They should!" said a new voice.

Danny turned at the intrusion. Al Howard, lean and lithe, was looking at Jean and saying, "After all, honey, I'm the biggest attraction they've had around here since the last All-American football player in '98." He smacked a fist into his hand. "They'll flock to see me, you and your pop can bet on that."

What kind of talk was this? Danny's temper flared, and then suddenly it went cold. Surely

Jean didn't like this braggart? Yet she was smiling at him, agreeing with him!

"Sure, honey," Howard went on. "I'll murder Stacy. They'll ship him back to Darwin in pieces." He broke off, looked at Danny. "Incidentally, kid," he said, "you ought to put a little more zing in those banana splits you dish up at the Sugar Bowl. Last one I had wasn't worth a dime, much less two bits."

Danny's fists doubled. His head barely came to Howard's shoulder as he moved toward him. He stopped as Jean, in a fluid motion, moved between the two.

"Now, Danny," Jean said, "you mustn't get angry. Mr. Howard is only joking. Besides, he's only trying to say that he wants to treat me. Isn't that right, Al?"

Red fire struck Danny's eyes, remained there. He didn't see Jean and Howard walk off. All he could hear was Howard's surprised, "Sure, Cookie, that's for me."

When you're only twenty, some things can hurt a lot. You make them very important, although they may not be. This, to Danny, was important. He felt he had lost his only friend.

* * *

He hadn't gone back to the Sugar Bowl. There were other students who could handle his job. Miserable, he had gone to his room, intending to study. The picture of Jean drove him out and he spent a tortured hour at dinner in a town twenty-five miles away, to which he had hitch-hiked. He did not intend to return.

But how would he make the break? Such was the problem he wrestled as he walked the lighted streets. Unconsciously, his steps led him toward an arena, whose marquee lights proclaimed eight star bouts for the evening. Danny knew the place. Liking boxing, he had come here whenever he had time and the money. It wasn't too often.

He paused, wondered whether to spend part of his meager capital. It was while he was deciding that he saw Al Howard walking rapidly up the steps, past the box office line.

Danny stared. Howard! He was supposed to be in strict training, like the rest of the team. It was now past his bedtime. Danny continued to watch in amazement as Howard went past the doorman, who waved familiarly.

Then Danny acted. He got a ticket quickly, entered the arena in time to see Howard's light topcoat disappear behind a door marked "John Gruber." Gruber, Danny knew, was the local promoter and a well-known gambler. Puzzled, Danny stared at the partly-opened door.

There was a sudden roar throughout the place. Then a deafening hush settled over it. In the ring, a gray trousered man counted slowly over a prone fighter.

* * *

But Danny, unlike the crowd, wasn't listening to the count. With shocked, incredulous ears, he was hearing Al Howard's laughter, his voice saying: "Gruber, it's a cinch. I'm four to one favorite to kayo Stacy of Darwin. You'll clean up when I take a dive!"

Then, Gruber's cold voice. "Don't get too confident, Al. If they ever find out you're a pro fighter and I planted you in that school to clean up on the bets—"

The roar of the crowd as the knockout was tolled shut out their voices. But Danny had heard enough. White-faced he stumbled out of the arena.

So it was all a frame-up! No wonder Coach Preston had been so enthusiastic about Howard. Icy fingers clutched at Danny's heart as he suddenly thought, "Maybe he's in on it. And Jean, too. No wonder she was so nice to Howard."

It was almost morning when he made his way back to the campus. The day and the en-

suing evening were hours of torture. And it was no different the day of the fight. Like a man bewildered by a foul blow, Danny wandered through his classes, conscious that tension was high. School as well as town impatiently awaited the night's fights.

* * *

It was night time before Danny made his decision. Carefully, he packed his bag before going to the school stadium. More than anyone else, he wanted Carver to get its championship. And, he had decided, if Coach Preston were on the level, knew nothing of Howard's duplicity, the coach would take the proper steps. "I owe it to him to tell," Danny resolved, "and I'm going to do it." He looked at his watch, then hurried from the room. He hadn't realized it was so late!

Five of the bouts were over when he managed to fight his way back to the dressing rooms. Carver was a point behind, and the main bout, between Howard and Stacy, worth two points, would decide the championship.

Everyone was watching the semi-final. There was no one beneath the stands as Danny raced to the dressing room, rushed breathlessly into Howard's room.

Then he stopped, his bag forgotten, as a bewildering sight met his eyes. Al Howard was lacing on his own gloves. Standing in a corner, were Coach Preston and Jean, staring at the gun being held by John Gruber, the gambler.

Gruber's eyes narrowed. "Get over there, kid. And don't peep." He moved the gun, said over his shoulder. "And you get out there fast, Al. You've done enough talking."

* * *

"Okay, John." Howard's voice was tense. "I'll take a quick dive." Contempt was in his voice as his hard eyes looked at Jean. "I'll get out of this

town and away from stool pigeon dames!"

"Look out, Danny!"

Jean's warning fell on deaf ears. Danny, watching Gruber's eyes flicker, suddenly threw his bag. It caught Gruber's wrist. The bullet spanged off the cement floor. Coach Preston leaped for the gun, grabbed it just as Howard swung at Danny, who ducked.

Danny's shoulders hunched. His right hand shot out, and the fist, in an odd, corkscrew motion, connected with Howard's chin. The fighter fell forward. Then his body went rigid.

Breathing heavily, Danny looked at the coach, who was holding Gruber at bay. Jean ran over to Danny, cried:

"Oh, Danny, you might have been killed!" She stopped, bit her lip to hold back the tears. "I wanted to tell you that Dad asked me to be nice to Howard. He suspected that Howard was too polished a fighter, and wanted to check on him. Tonight, we found out who he really is." Her voice shook. "I guess Carver won't get its championship now. But, at least, it lost honorably."

* * *

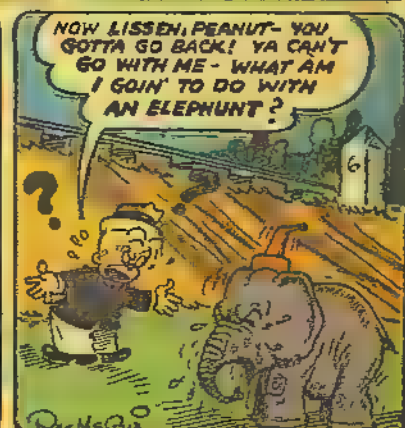
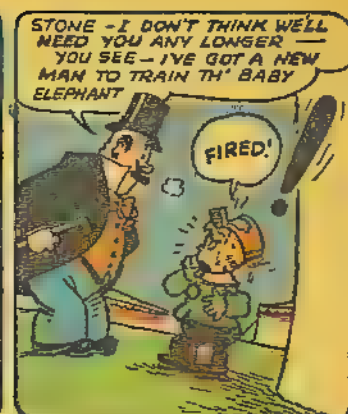
For the first time, Coach Preston spoke. "Danny, where did you learn that punch? And why didn't you tell me you could box?"

"Why—why," Danny stammered. "Being able to handle yourself is the only thing for a little guy like me. I could take two like Howard."

The coach's face was grim, but his voice was confident. "Jean," he said. "Run out and send in a policeman while Danny dresses. Quick." He smiled at Danny. "Yes, you, Danny," he said. "You're going out there and fight Stacy for Carver and me."

There was no hesitation as Danny, stripping off his tie, looked at Jean's shining eyes, and said: "Coach, you've got a swell reason why I can't lose!" He didn't.

THE END



HONEST INJUN!



UGH! IS MUCH TRUE THAT
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 IS WORLD'S FINEST BUY!
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 AND BATMAN BOTH
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 SALE!



CONGO BILL

by FRAY

I'M SPUD WILLIAMS...
COME FROM
NORTH CAROLINA-
LEARNED TO FLY
WITH THE NAVY
AT PENSACOLA.

I'M
YOUR
SQUADRON
LEADER...
DAVE BENNETT'S
THE NAME...

MY HANDLE
IS SLIM...
SLIM KENNEDY...
I HAIL FROM
KANSAS WHERE
THEY GROW
'EM TALL...

MY NAME'S
TEX LEE...
HOUSTON, TEXAS...
I WAS A STUNT
FLYER IN THE
MOVIES BEFORE
I CAME OUT
HERE.

CALL ME
"SPORTY"
SMITH...
I'M FROM
MISSOURI...
YOU'VE GOT
TO SHOW
ME...



I'M SURE HE WILL
"SHOW" US, BOYS.
GLAD TO HAVE YOU
WITH US, BILL.
THERE'S NOT A MAN
HERE WHO HASN'T
HEARD OF YOU!

AND I'M PROUD
TO BE HERE,
BENNETT. ALL THE
WORLD HAS HEARD
OF YOU MEN. YOU
ARE DOING A
FINE JOB OUT
HERE.



AND SO CONGO
BILL JOINS THE
FAMOUS "FLYING
TIGERS"... THE
AMERICAN VOLUNTEER
GROUP... THOSE
INTREPID YANKES
FLYERS WHO HAVE
SCORED SUCH
SMASHING VICTORIES
OVER SUPERIOR
NUMBERS OF JAPS.
BUT BILL LITTLE
SUSPECTS THAT
ONE OF THIS
GROUP IS A
TREACHEROUS SPY,
PLOTING THE DE-
STRUCTION OF THE EN-
TIRE AVG! SEE IF YOU
CAN GUESS WHO
HE IS ???

BILL, YOU'VE COME IN A
TOUGH TIME. WE ARE TRYING
TO HOLD OUT UNTIL THE
RAINY SEASON, BUT SOMEWHERE,
SOMEHOW, THERE'S A LEAK. OUR
HIDDEN FIELDS HAVE TO BE CHANGED
CONSTANTLY. THE JAPS KNOW WHERE
WE ARE ALMOST AS SOON AS WE KNOW
OUR-
SELVES!

SOUNDS LIKE
FIFTH COLUMN
WORK TO ME!

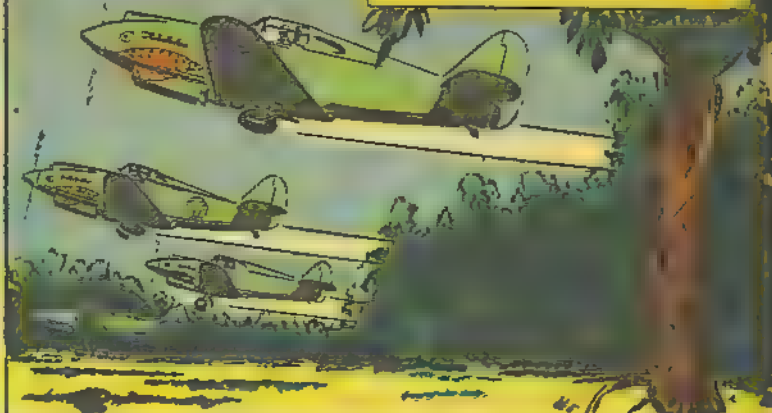


EXACTLY! WE'VE BEEN KEEPING A CONSTANT WATCH ON OUR NATIVE GROUND CREW BUT SO FAR NO ONE HAS MADE A FALSE MOVE. IT'S GOT ME STUMPED, BILL!

THERE GOES THE ALARM SIGNAL! LET'S GET 'EM, BOYS!



AND FROM BENEATH THEIR CAMOUFLAGE OF MANGO TREES, THE FAST LITTLE P-40'S OF THE AVG ROAR OUT AND UP TO THE ATTACK!



HERE COME THEIR BOMBERS, BOYS... WE'LL BAG THE WHOLE BUNCH!



THE NIPPONESE BOMBERS, LOADED WITH THEIR CARGOES OF DEATH, ARE SUDDENLY MET BY THE BLASTING MACHINE GUNS OF THE FLYING TIGERS!



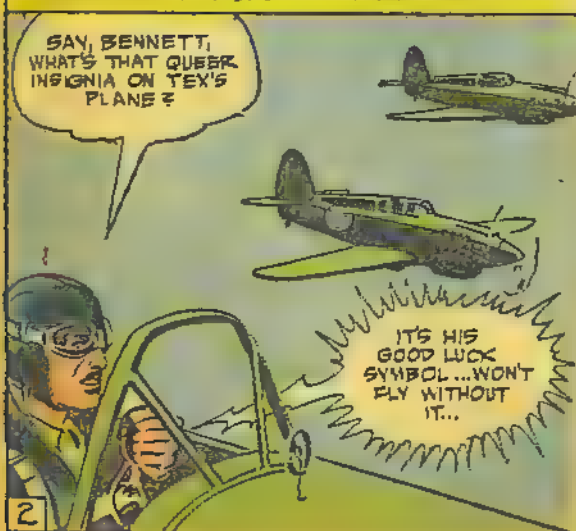
FROM ME TO YOU WITH LOVE, JAPPI!

THE JAPS, TAKEN COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE, ARE SHOT DOWN ONE BY ONE!



AND ON THE WAY BACK TO THEIR BASE...

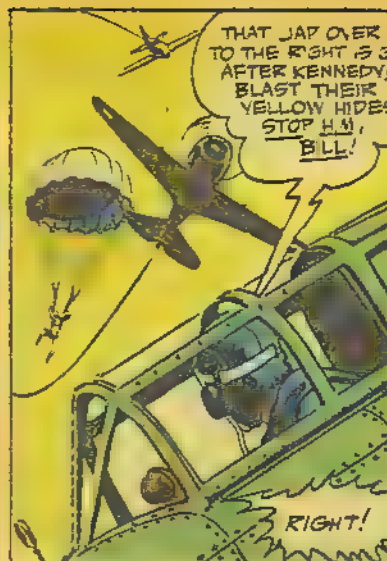
SAY, BENNETT, WHAT'S THAT QUEER INSIGNIA ON TEX'S PLANE?



Suddenly, THE AMERICANS ARE AMBUSHED BY JAP FIGHTER PLANES WHICH DIVE TO THE ATTACK LIKE SNOOPING VULTURES!



FURIOUS SKY-HIGH COMBAT...AND AS INCENDIARY BULLETS IGNITE SLIM KENNEDY'S SHIP, THE KANSAN BAILS OUT IN HIS CHUTE...



BUT AS BILL PRESSES THE TRIGGER, THERE IS AN OMINOUS CLICK!

GREAT SCOTT! OUT OF AMMUNITION! AND AT A TIME LIKE THIS!



BILL HURLS THE HEAVY WRENCH WITH ALL HIS MIGHT AT THE PLANE BELOW... THE MISSILE SPEEDS TRUE TO ITS MARK!



EXPERTLY WINGING HIS PLANE DOWN TO AN OPEN FIELD, BILL JOINS THE LANKY SLIM...



TEX'S PLANE CRASHES OUT OF SIGHT BEHIND THE TANGLED JUNGLE. A LONG COLUMN OF SMOKE AND FLAME BILLOWS SKYWARD!

POOR TEX! HIS LUCKY SIGN DIDN'T HELP HIM MUCH AFTER ALL.

NOTHING WE CAN DO NOW... THE BOYS HAVE CLEANED OUT THE REST OF THE JAPS. COME ON, SLIM, LET'S GET BACK TO THE FIELD AND CHALK UP OUR SCORES!

SEVERAL DAYS LATER.

... AND THEN YESTERDAY, THAT WHEEL FELL OFF SPUD'S PLANE ON THE TAKE-OFF... LUCKILY HE SAVED THE PLANE. NOW THESE MISHAPS ARE NOT ACCIDENTS... BILL, WE MUST TRACK DOWN THE SABOTEUR!

I'M GOING TO DO A BIT OF SLEUTHING TONIGHT, BENNETT!



AND THAT NIGHT A
MISTER FIGURE
EMERGES FROM THE
SHADOWS!



GRAB THE
STARS, BUDDY!
I'VE GOT YOU
COVERED!



THE SABOTEUR WHEELS-FIRES-AND THE
SILENCE OF THE BLACK BURMESE NIGHT IS SPLIT
BY THE CRACK OF BLAZING PISTOLS!



BILL!
ARE YOU
ALL
RIGHT?

DID YOU
GET
HIM?

YES, I AM OKAY! BUT
I SHOULD HAVE SHOT
FIRST AND ASKED
QUESTIONS AFTER—
HE GOT AWAY, BUT I
THINK I WINGED HIM!



Next
morning—

SAY, WHERE'S
SHORTY? HE
SHOULD BE
READY TO GO
UP THIS MORNING!

HERE HE
COMES NOW.
HEY, SHORTY,
SHAKE A LEG,
FELLA. WE'RE
TAKING OFF IN
A SECOND!



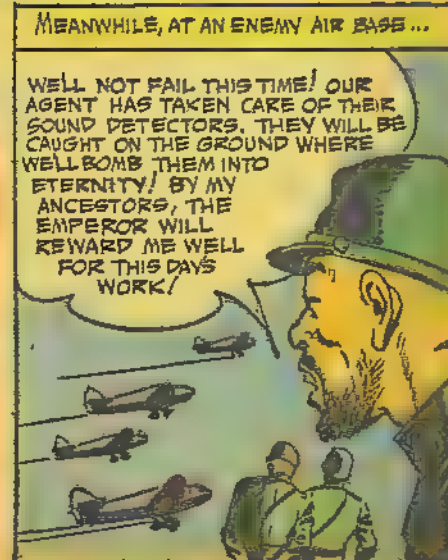
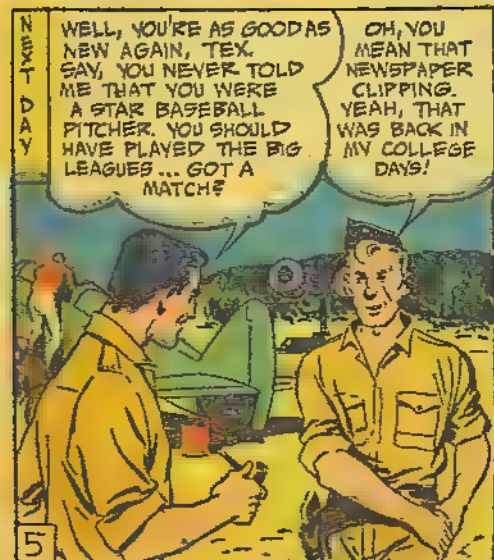
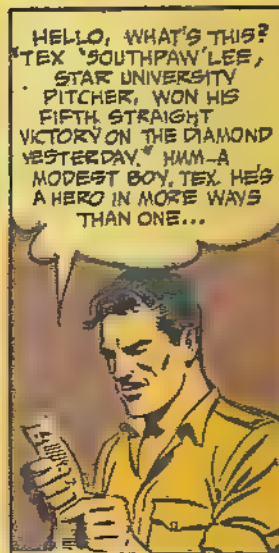
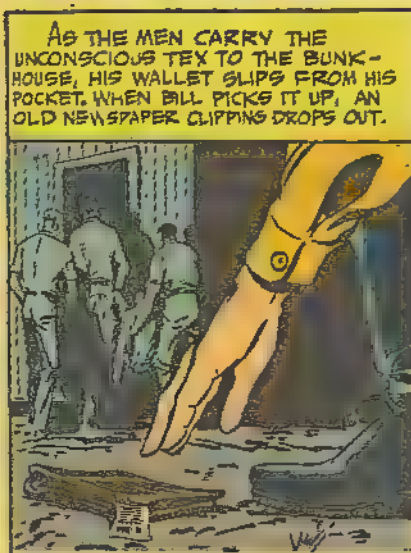
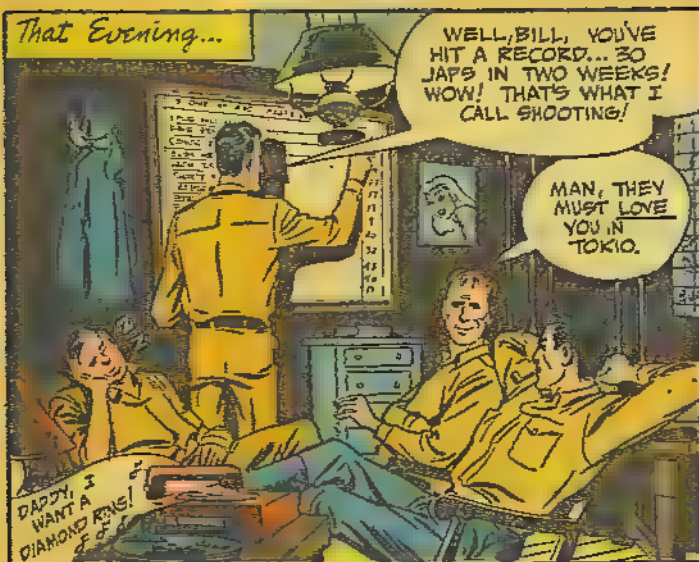
WHAT
HAPPENED
TO YOUR
HAND,
SHORTY?
IT'S
BANAGED!

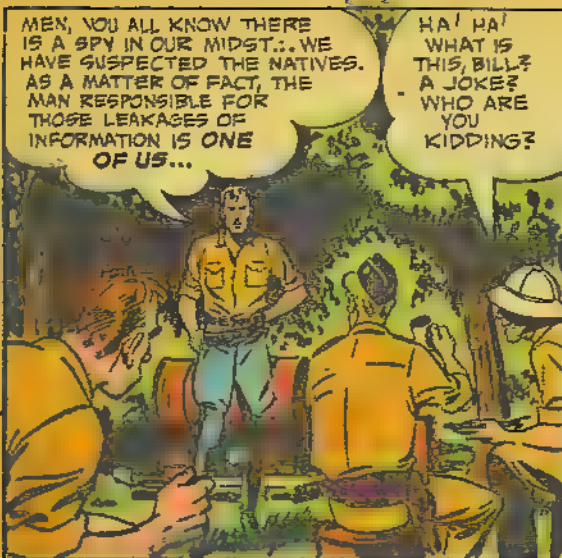
WHAT?
OH...THIS?
JUST A
SCRATCH.
I RAN A
SCREW
DRIVER IN
MY HAND A
WHILE AGO!



JUST A SCRATCH,
EH, SHORTY? I
WONDER...







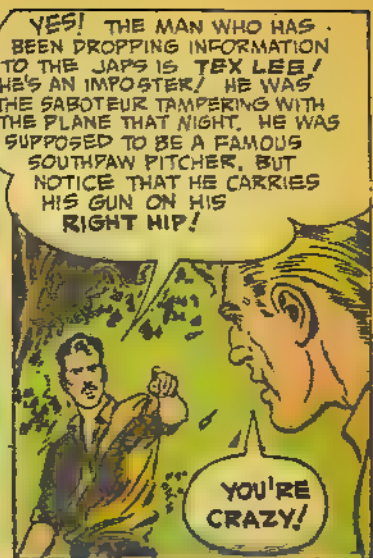
MEN, YOU ALL KNOW THERE IS A SPY IN OUR MIDST... WE HAVE SUSPECTED THE NATIVES. AS A MATTER OF FACT, THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR THOSE LEAKAGES OF INFORMATION IS ONE OF US...

HA! HA! WHAT IS THIS, BILL? A JOKE? WHO ARE YOU KIDDING?



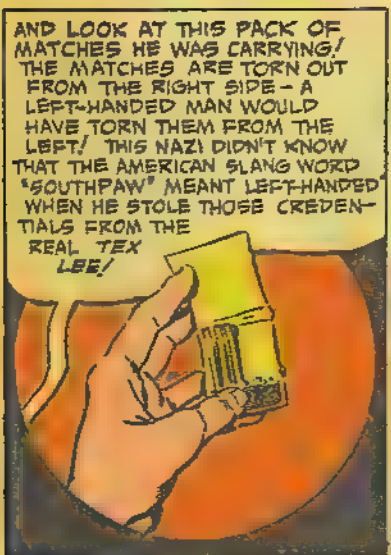
IT'S NO JOKE, SMITH! ONE OF US HERE IS AN AXIS AGENT, BUT THAT MAN MADE ONE SLIP-UP IN HIS ALMOST PERFECT MASQUERADE!

YOU MEAN, YOU KNOW WHO IT IS?

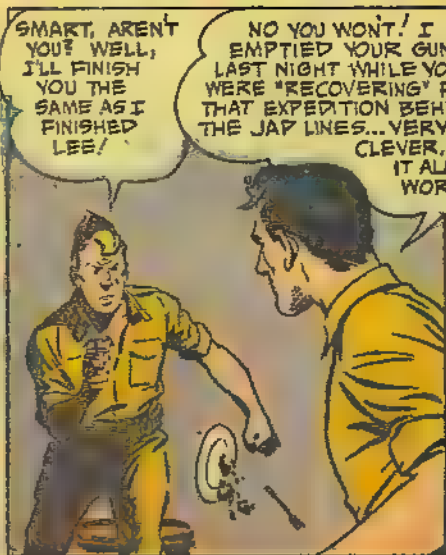


YES! THE MAN WHO HAS BEEN DROPPING INFORMATION TO THE JAPS IS **TEX LEE**! HE'S AN IMPOSTER! HE WAS THE SABOTEUR TAMPERING WITH THE PLANE THAT NIGHT. HE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A FAMOUS SOUTHPAW PITCHER, BUT NOTICE THAT HE CARRIES HIS GUN ON HIS RIGHT HIP!

YOU'RE CRAZY!



AND LOOK AT THIS PACK OF MATCHES HE WAS CARRYING! THE MATCHES ARE TORN OUT FROM THE RIGHT SIDE - A LEFT-HANDED MAN WOULD HAVE TORN THEM FROM THE LEFT! THIS NAZI DIDN'T KNOW THAT THE AMERICAN SLANG WORD "SOUTHPAW" MEANT LEFT-HANDED WHEN HE STOLE THOSE CREDENTIALS FROM THE REAL **TEX LEE**!



SMART, AREN'T YOU? WELL, I'LL FINISH YOU THE SAME AS I FINISHED **LEE**!

NO YOU WON'T! I EMPTIED YOUR GUN LAST NIGHT WHILE YOU WERE "RECOVERING" FROM THAT EXPEDITION BEHIND THE JAP LINES... VERY CLEVER, BOCHE, IT ALMOST WORKED!



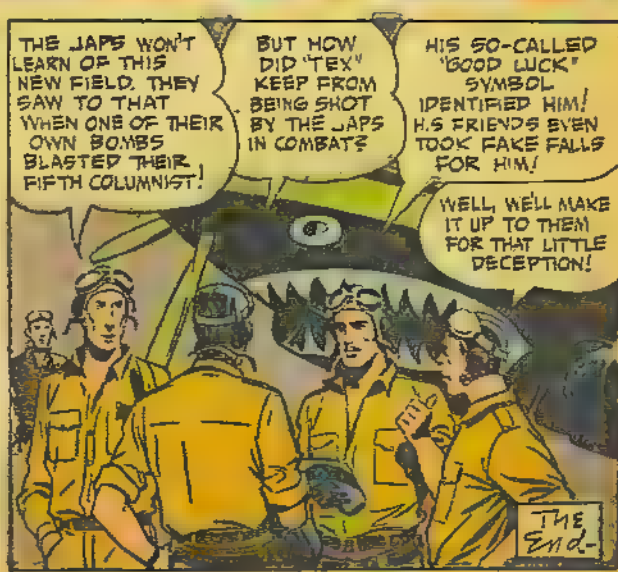
NOW SUPPOSE YOU TELL US WHY YOU HAD TO VISIT JAP HEADQUARTERS IN PERSON THIS TIME!



YOU'LL KNOW IN A MINUTE WHEN OUR BOMBERS COME OVER AND BLAST ALL YOU YANKER FOOLS- I FIXED IT TO WIPE YOU OUT ONCE AND FOR ALL- THEY MAY GET ME, TOO, BUT I'VE DONE MY JOB...

TIE HIM UP. LET'S GET INTO THE AIR, QUICK!

MINUTES LATER- AND THE JAP BOMBERS FALL PREY TO THE ZOOMING ATTACK OF THE AMERICAN EAGLES- AN ATTACK SO RELENTLESS THAT THE ENEMY CAN DROP ONLY A FEW RANDOM BOMBS!



THE JAPS WON'T LEARN OF THIS NEW FIELD. THEY SAW TO THAT WHEN ONE OF THEIR OWN BOMBS BLASTED THEIR FIFTH COLUMNIST!

BUT HOW DID "TEX" KEEP FROM BEING SHOT BY THE JAPS IN COMBAT?

HIS SO-CALLED "GOOD LUCK" SYMBOL IDENTIFIED HIM! HIS FRIENDS EVEN TOOK FAKE FALLS FOR HIM!

WELL, WE'LL MAKE IT UP TO THEM FOR THAT LITTLE DECEPTION!

THE END-



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, etc., Required by the ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912 and MARCH 3, 1933 of Action Comics, published monthly at New York, N. Y. for October 1, 1941.

State of New York, County of New York, ss.
Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared J. B. Liebowitz, who, having been duly sworn according to law deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Action Comics, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, Management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc. of the aforesaid publications for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Detective Comics, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York City; Editor, W. F. Ellsworth, 480 Lexington Ave., New York City; Managing Editor, none; Business Manager, J. B. Liebowitz, 480 Lexington Ave., New York City.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated, and also immediately thereafter the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corp'n, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other non-incorporated concern, its name and address as well as those of each individual member must be given.) Detective Comics, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York City; Harry Denenfeld, 480 Lexington Ave., New York City; P. H. Sampson, 480 Lexington Ave., New York City.

3. That the little known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) NONE.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting is given, also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) J. B. Liebowitz, Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 5th day of October, 1941.

(Signed) Alfred B. Taffe. (My commission expires March 30, 1942.)

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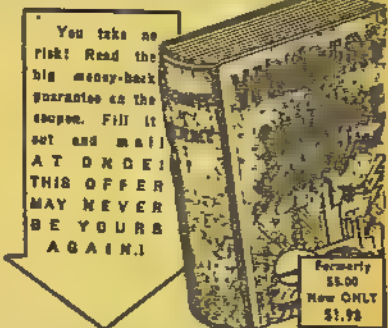
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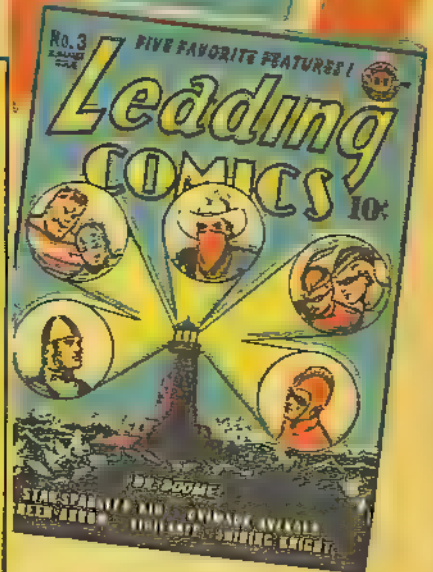
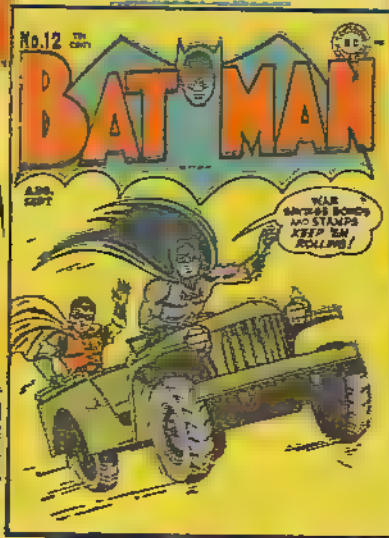
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NOW ON SALE

JERRY

THE JITTERBUG

JERRY
LOST OFF



AH - BEAUTIFUL SPRING -
THIS WALK IN THE WOODS
SHOULD DO ME GOOD !



I THOUGHT I HEARD
SOME STRANGE
SOUNDS !



SAY - WHERE DID
YOU BIRDS COME FROM
?



G-GOSH - THIS LOOKS
LIKE THE END OF ME !



NOW -
WALK
!

I GUESS I'M GOING TO
MEET THEIR HEAD MAN
AND HEAD MY DOOM !



SAY CAN'T YOU GUYS KEEP OFF OUR
PROPERTY ? WE'RE TRYING TO MAKE
THE MOVIE, 'JUNGLE DRUMS' !

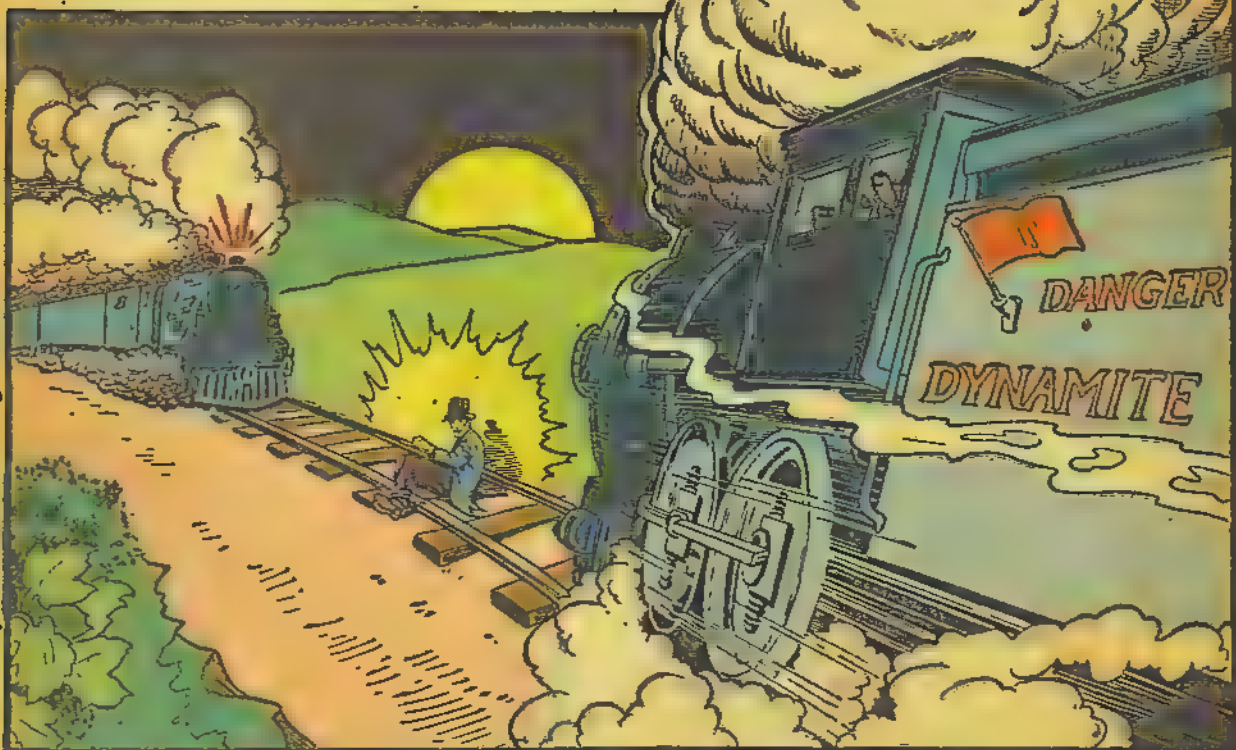
ZATARA

THE MASTER MAGICIAN

BY JOSEPH SULMAN.

WHEN AN ORDINARY MAN DECIDES HE WANTS TO BE A SUPER-CRIMINAL, WATCH OUT FOR FIREWORKS! FOR IF HE POSSESSES THE ABILITY OF MEER LITTLE PETER PORL, HE'LL DO TREMENDOUS THINGS!

AND IF IT WEREN'T FOR ZATARA, THE MASTER MAGICIAN - WELL, MAYBE YOU'D BETTER READ AND FIND OUT FOR YOURSELF IN...
"THE CASE OF THE COCONUT CRIMES!"



ATA BANK IN MIDTOWN GOTHAM...

MISTAKES! MISTAKES!
CAN'T YOU EVER
CONCENTRATE, PORL?
WHAT AM I PAYING
YOU FOR?

I'M SORRY,
MR. GOSLIN.
SORRY...



THE FOOL - GIVING ME ORDERS!
I DON'T HAVE TO WORK HERE.
WHY, I'LL BET I COULD BE ONE
OF THOSE SUPER-VILLAINS
I READ ABOUT!

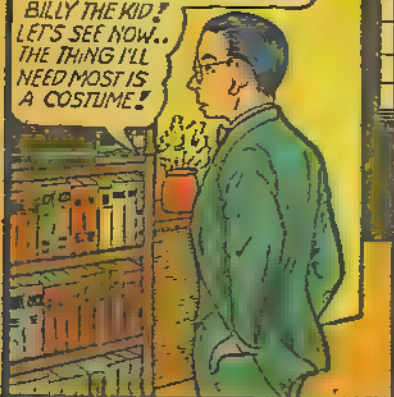


I COULD BE ONE OF THOSE
ARCH-CRIMINALS! I WAGER
I'D BE A REAL SMART ONE, TOO!
WOW! WHAT AN IDEA!



IN HIS SMALL ONE-ROOM APARTMENT, PETER PORL KEEPS A LIBRARY OF CRIME BOOKS, HISTORIES AND BIOGRAPHIES...

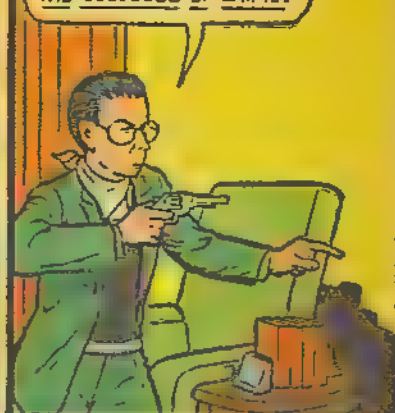
I'LL BE A SWELL CROOK LIKE JESSE JAMES, OR MAYBE EVEN BILLY THE KID! LET'S SEE NOW... THE THING I'LL NEED MOST IS A COSTUME!



I OUGHT TO HAVE A REAL GUN INSTEAD OF THIS TOY, BUT I CAN GET THAT SOMEHOW! BOY, WHAT A VILLAIN I'M GOING TO MAKE!



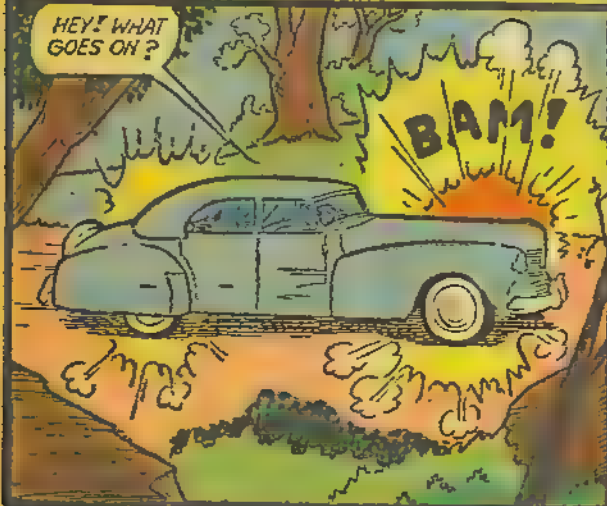
"GET 'EM UP, I SNARL! HA, THAT'S THE RIGHT TONE TO USE! I'LL SCARE EVERYBODY SILLY! AND I'LL CALL MYSELF THE COLOSSUS OF CRIME!"



LATE AT NIGHT ON A DESERTED ROAD, FOUR TIRES ON A MAGNIFICENT LIMOUSINE BLOW OUT AT ONCE!

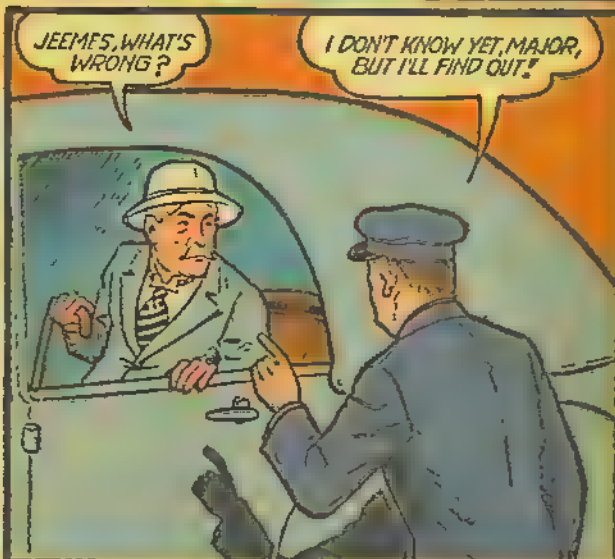
HEY! WHAT GOES ON?

BAM!

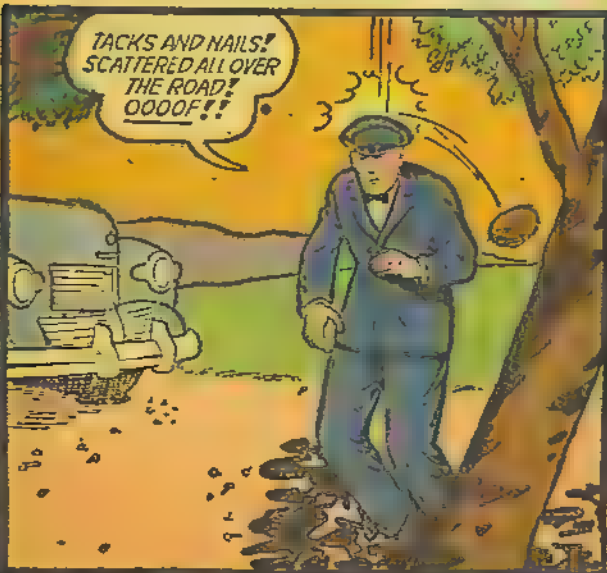


JEEMES, WHAT'S WRONG?

I DON'T KNOW YET, MAJOR, BUT I'LL FIND OUT!

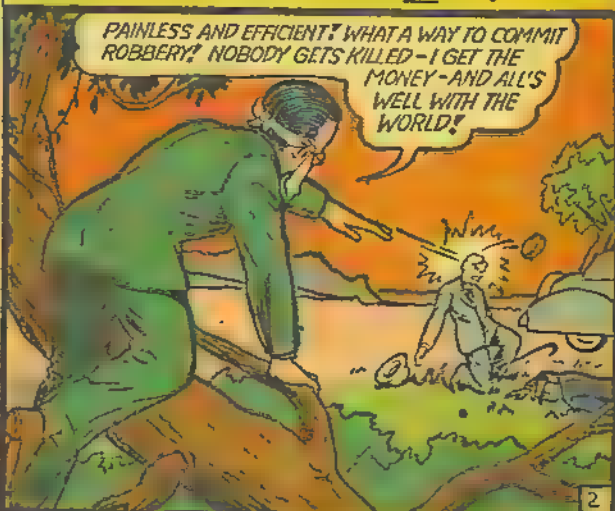


TACKS AND NAILS! SCATTERED ALL OVER THE ROAD! OOOOF!!



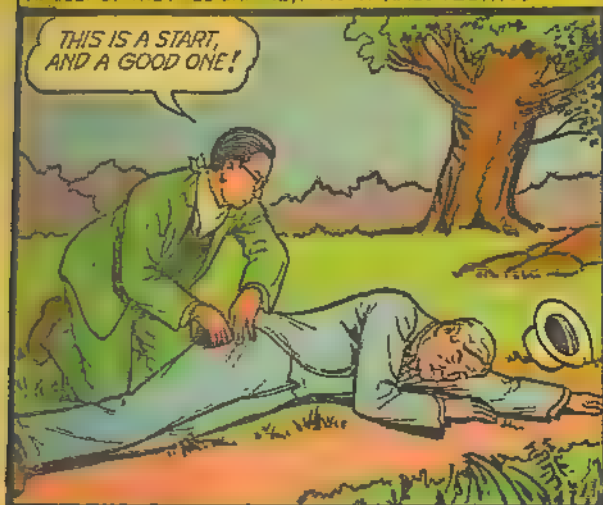
AS THE MAJOR RUSHES TO THE SIDE OF HIS UNCONSCIOUS CHAUFFEUR, ANOTHER COCONUT KNOCKS HIM OUT!

PAINLESS AND EFFICIENT! WHAT A WAY TO COMMIT ROBBERY! NOBODY GETS KILLED - I GET THE MONEY - AND ALL'S WELL WITH THE WORLD!



DROPPING TO THE GROUND, THE "COLOSSUS" EXTRACTS THE WALLET OF THE MILLIONAIRE, MAJOR HASDOUGH...

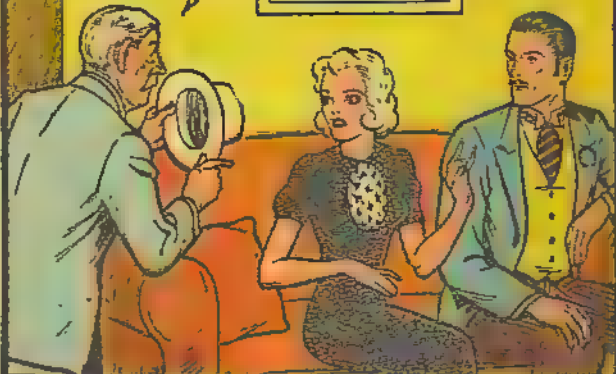
THIS IS A START,
AND A GOOD ONE!



A HALF HOUR LATER...

MY DEAR, SO SORRY TO BE LATE.
I WAS DELAYED BY A ROBBER...
AT LEAST, WHEN I OPENED MY EYES,
MY WALLET WAS GONE!

YOU DON'T
SOUND SURE
OF WHAT
YOU SAY!



FRANKLY, I'M NOT. WE FOUND
NO FOOTPRINTS ANYWHERE.
AROUND, NO EVIDENCE
OF ASSAULT EXCEPT
TWO COCONUTS!
SOUNDS SILLY,
DOESN'T IT?

EITHER
SILLY OR
VERY CLEVER.
I'M NOT
CERTAIN
WHICH!



NO HARM IN LOOKING
AROUND AT THE PLACE
WHERE THE ROBBERY
OCCURRED!



MEANWHILE, THE "COLOSSUS" HAS MADE
HIMSELF SOME NEW FRIENDS...

THAT'S HOW
I DID IT...
JUST WITH
SOME TACKS,
A COUPLE OF
NUTS, AND
A TREE!

SMART, BUD -
SMART!
YOU GOT
ANY OTHER
IDEAS?

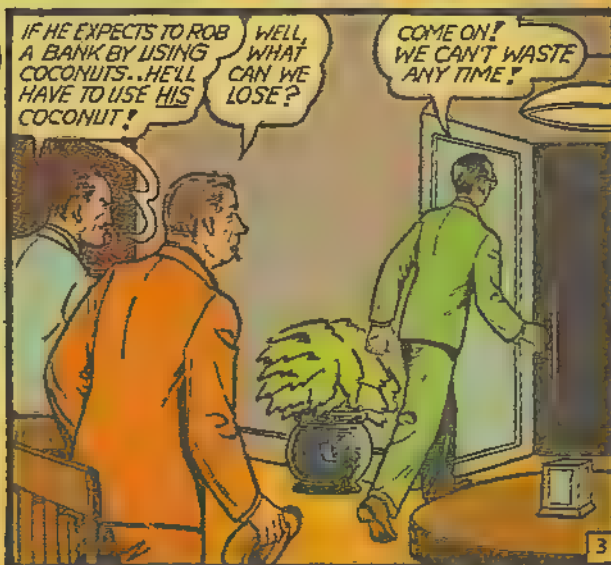


I CERTAINLY HAVE, WITH THESE COCONUTS OF MINE,
AND WITH MORE LIKE THEM, I CAN ROB A BANK!
COME ALONG, I'LL
CUT YOU IN.
YOU CAN HELP
WITH THE
COCONUTS!

IF HE EXPECTS TO ROB
A BANK BY USING
COCONUTS... HE'LL
HAVE TO USE HIS
COCONUT!

WELL,
WHAT
CAN WE
LOSE?

COME ON!
WE CAN'T WASTE
ANY TIME!



MEANWHILE THE MASTER MAGICIAN IS ENGROSSSED IN THE MYSTERY OF THE CLUELESS CRIME...

"TRID, KAEPS!"

ASK THE TREE, ZATARA!

*READ BACKWARDS!

HE CLIMBED ME, AFTER SCATTERING TACKS AND NAILS. THEN HE DROPPED FROM MY BRANCH, AND RECLIMBED ME. WHEN THEY WENT AWAY, HE LEFT.

SOUNDS SIMPLE, BUT IT WAS EFFECTIVE, ALL RIGHT! ESIR!

HE WENT THIS WAY, GREAT MAGICIAN!

CASTING HIS CLOAK OF INVISIBILITY ABOUT HIM, THE MAN OF MAGIC ENTERS THE TAVERN....

PSST! THEY WENT THAT WAY!

HMM. THEY CERTAINLY DON'T LOOK OVER-SMART TO ME! BUT I'LL FOLLOW THEM, ANYHOW!

TAVE

NOW HERE'S MY SCHEME... WE LOAD UP WITH COCONUTS...

COCONUTS! WHAT CAN THEY WANT WITH COCONUTS?

WE'LL MEET YOU WITH THE STUFF ON TIME!

I KNEW I COULD COUNT ON YOU!

THEY'RE PARTING! I'D BETTER FOLLOW PORL AND SEE WHAT HE'S UP TO!

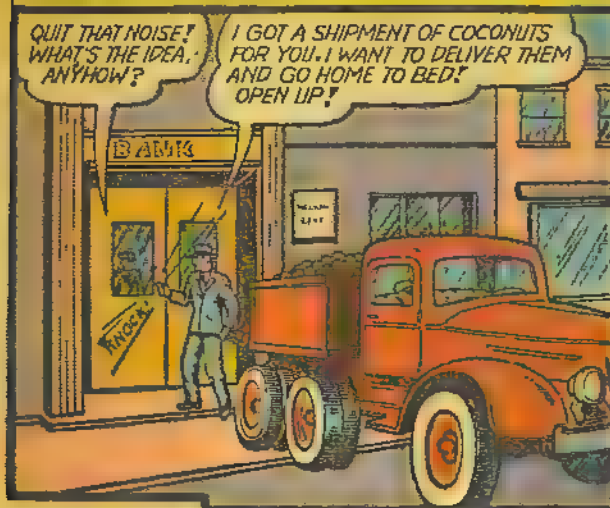
WHILE THE MAGICIAN PURSUES THE AMATEUR CRIMINAL, THE TWO THUGS VISIT "STOGIE" HANK, THEIR GANG BOSS....

AND THAT'S WHAT HE'S GOING TO DO. IT SOUNDS CRAZY BUT IT MAY WORK.

WE THOUGHT WE'D BETTER TELL YOU.

GOOD THING FOR YOU THAT YOU DID. THEM SIMPLE THINGS MAY BE THE BEST. WE'LL TRY IT OURSELVES!

WHAT NIGHT, A TRUCK LADEN WITH COCONUTS PULLS UP BEFORE THE MECHANICAL BANK....



QUIT THAT NOISE!
WHAT'S THE IDEA,
ANYHOW?

I GOT A SHIPMENT OF COCONUTS
FOR YOU. I WANT TO DELIVER THEM
AND GO HOME TO BED!
OPEN UP!

AS THE PUZZLED GUARD OPENS THE DOOR A LITTLE
WIDER, THE DRIVER GIVES THE SIGNAL ---



COCONUTS-
FOR A BANK?
ARE YOU DAFFY?

HERE'S THE ORDER ---
DUMP 'EM, JOE!

AND A RAIN
OF COCONUTS
BOUNCE AND
THUD INTO THE
BANK DOOR!



HAAALP!



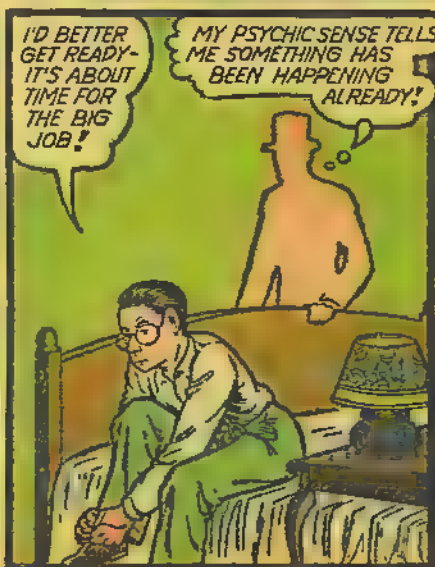
WHAT GOES ON?
OOPS! I'M
SLIPPING!

OOPS!



THIS IS A SWELL WAY OF GETTIN'
'EM ALL TOGETHER! NOW WE
CAN KEEP 'EM TOGETHER
WHILE WE CRACK THE SAFE!

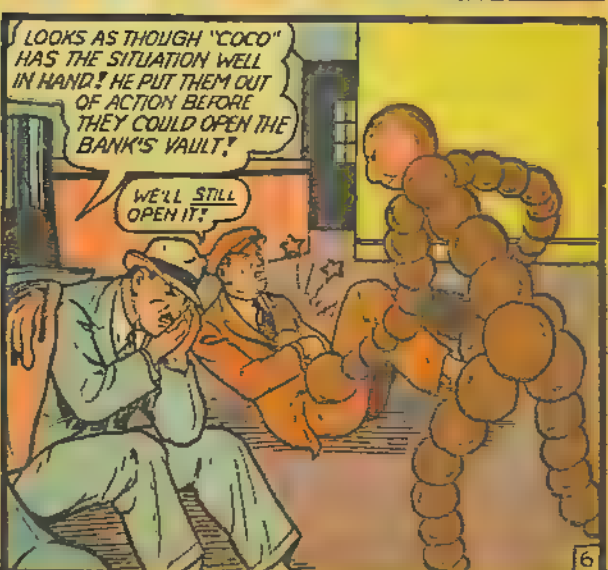
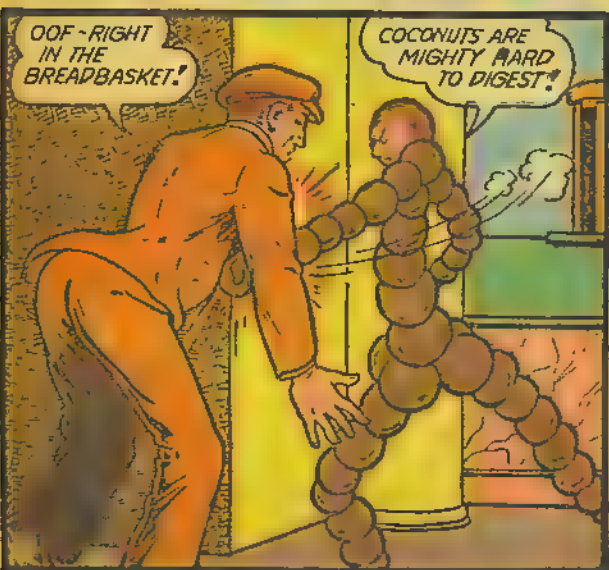
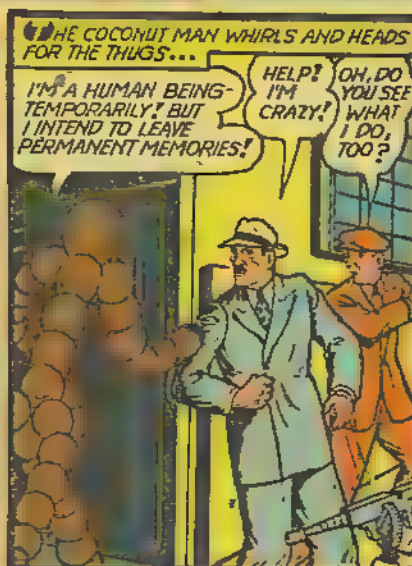
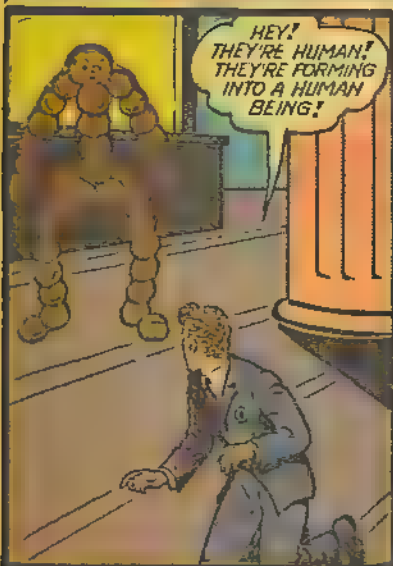
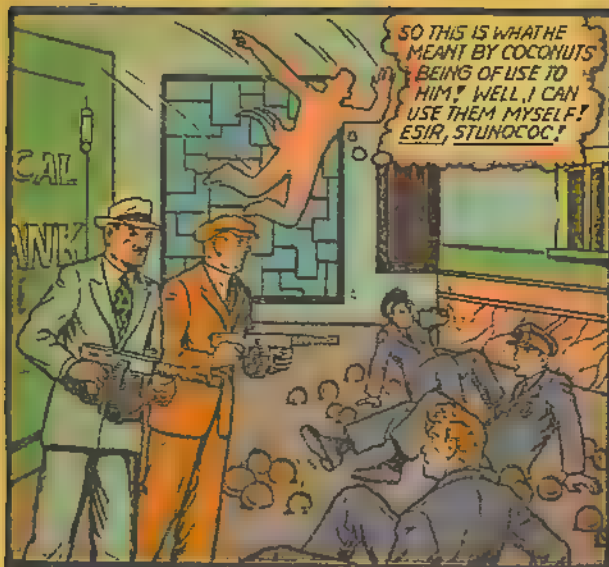
I'D BETTER
GET READY-
IT'S ABOUT
TIME FOR
THE BIG
JOB!

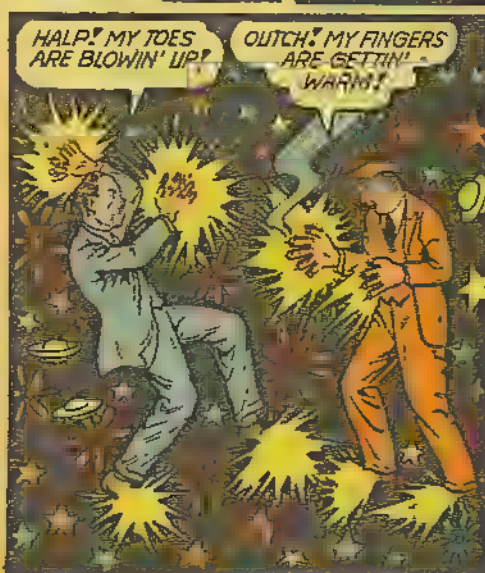
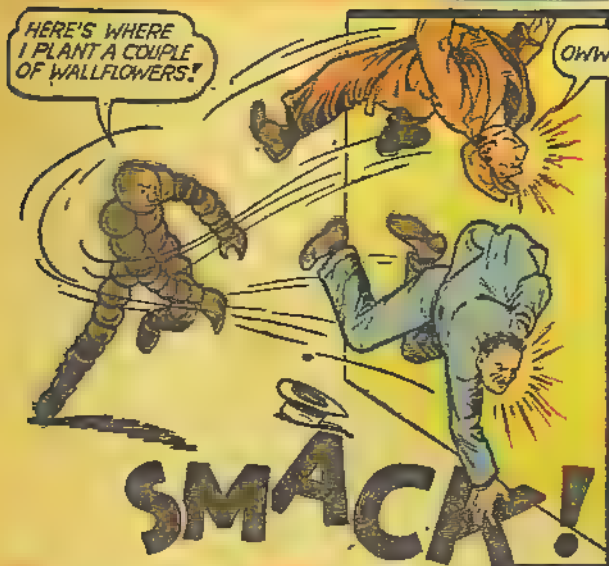


MY PSYCHIC SENSE TELLS
ME SOMETHING HAS
BEEN HAPPENING
ALREADY!



THAT FEELING IS
SO STRONG THAT
I'M GOING TO
LEAVE HIM AND
VISIT THE BANK
AHEAD OF TIME!







STOGIE HANK IS OUR BOSS! WE FIGGERED HE COULD USE THE DOUGH JUST AS GOOD AS PORL!

-SO WE PUT HIM WISE TO THE LAYOUT!

WHERE CAN I FIND STOGIE?



MEANWHILE, THE GANG BOSS DECIDES THAT HIS MEN ARE TAKING ENTIRELY TOO LONG FOR THE JOB ON HAND...

DRIVE PAST THE BANK. MAYBE SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG WITH OUR LITTLE SCHEME!



APPROACHING DOWN THE STREET COMES WOULD-BE PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER ONE, PETER PORL...

THE IDIOTS! THEY'VE STARTED WITHOUT ME! JUST GOES TO SHOW YOU, YOU CAN'T TRUST ANYONE!



SPOILIN' MY WHOLE PLAN! THE FOOLS!

YOUR PLAN? HEY, ARE YOU PORL? ...WOW... LISTEN!

OWTCH! WE'LL TELL YOU ANYTHING YOU WANT TO KNOW!



ULP! LOOK WHAT'S GOT HOLD OF THOSE GUYS! A MAN MADE OF COCONUTS!

WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU, BOYS? WHO'S THAT BIG BABOON?

OH-HO! PETER PORL! AND YOU MUST BE STOGIE HANK, THE LEADER! KNOW EACH OTHER, DO YOU?!



HIM? I NEVER SAW HIM BEFORE! SO LONG, EVERYBODY- I GOT A DATE!

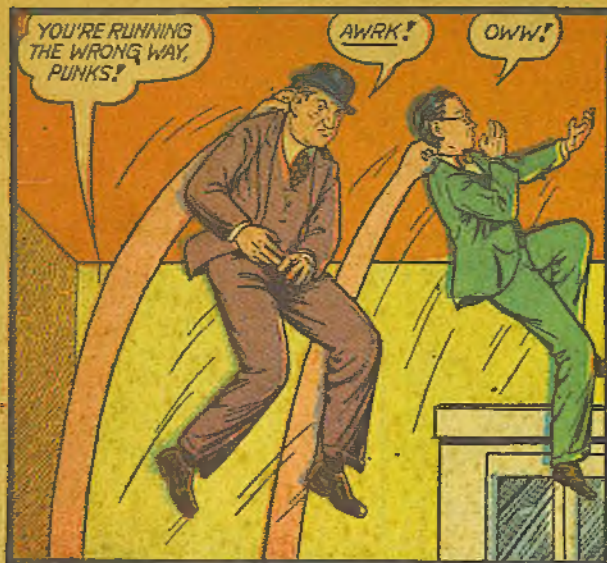
ME KNOW HIM? NOT MUCH! I GOT A DATE, TOO!



SMRA, HCAER TUO!

IF THAT GUY'S ZATARA, I GOT A VERY IMPORTANT DATE - SOMEWHERE ELSE!

FEET, START FLYING!



A SPECIAL MESSAGE TO THE BOYS and GIRLS OF AMERICA FROM HENRY MORGENTHAU, JR.

-SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY-

THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY
WASHINGTON



Boys and Girls of America:
Here's a way for every one of you
to help your country.

Every time you buy a Savings Stamp
you are helping Uncle Sam to pay for a part
of a gun, plane or ship which your fathers,
brothers or uncles are using for the defense
of our country.

If every one of you forty million
boys and girls would buy at least one ten-cent
Savings Stamp every week, you would be lending
your Uncle Sam two hundred million dollars
every year. Think of all the guns, planes and
ships he could buy with that!

Remember, you can help to "Keep 'em
Flying" by buying a Defense Stamp every week.

Sincerely,

FOR VICTORY



**BUY
UNITED
STATES
SAVINGS
BONDS
AND
STAMPS**

**THIS
SPACE IS
DONATED BY THE
PUBLISHERS OF THIS
MAGAZINE IN THE INTEREST OF
NATIONAL DEFENSE and VICTORY!**

THE Tootsie Roll OF HONOR

MEET THE POPULARITY CONTEST WINNERS
(See what made them win!)

MEET EDDIE L.
He's full of ideas



EDDIE'S THE BOY who starts things! And people love him for it. Now he's got his friends making gifts for British children. Eddie eats plenty of Tootsie Rolls. They're fuel for brains as well as muscles!

MEET VIRGINIA D.
She's a true patriot



IS VIRGINIA POPULAR? You bet! She sold more Defense Stamps than anybody else in her school. Everyone loves a patriot. (And this patriot sure loves Tootsie Rolls!)

MEET TOMMY R.
That boy does everything well!



EVERYBODY ADMIRES Tommy because he's a champion. In diving, skating, baseball! He practices plenty . . . he has plenty of pep! No day goes by without a Tootsie Roll.



UNCLE SAM SAYS: "Make sure what you eat is nourishing, pure, and full of energy." Eat plenty of Tootsie Rolls. They're rich in wholesome Dextrase—give you quick food-energy.

BUY DEFENSE STAMPS!



TOOTSIE WINS, TOO!

The winner in any popularity contest! More children and grown-ups love Tootsies than any other candy!

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

1¢ AND 5¢



Only TOOTSIE POPS have a Heart!

Fruity Outside—but with Chewy Tootsie Roll Inside. Only 1¢.

EAT A TOOTSIE A DAY—Enriched with DEXTROSE for quick food-energy